November 1965

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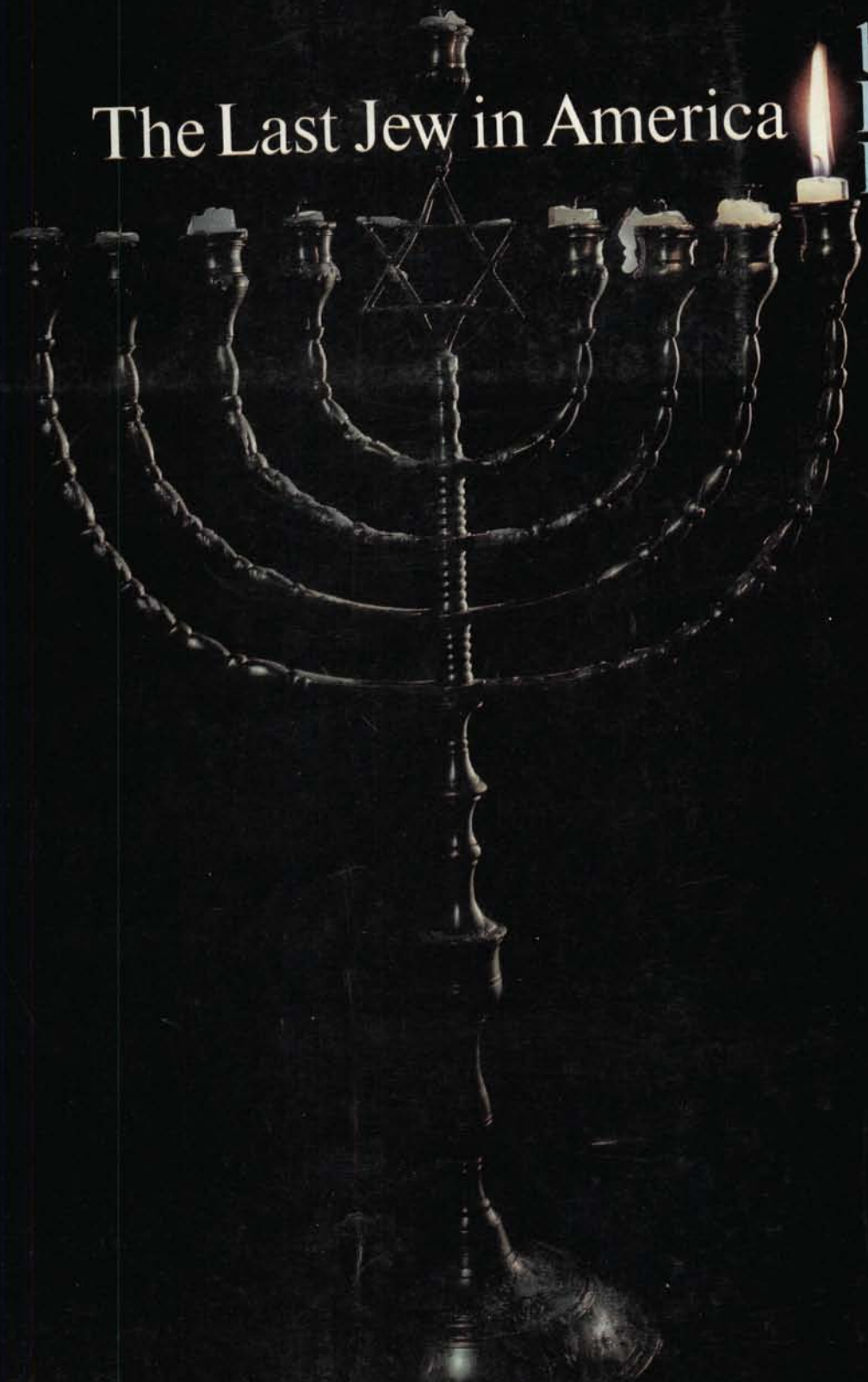
The Last Jew in America

by Leslie Fiedler



Jessica Mitford on Ronald Reagan

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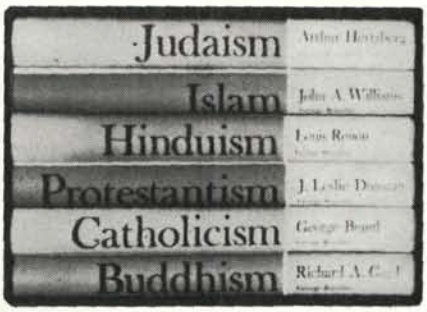

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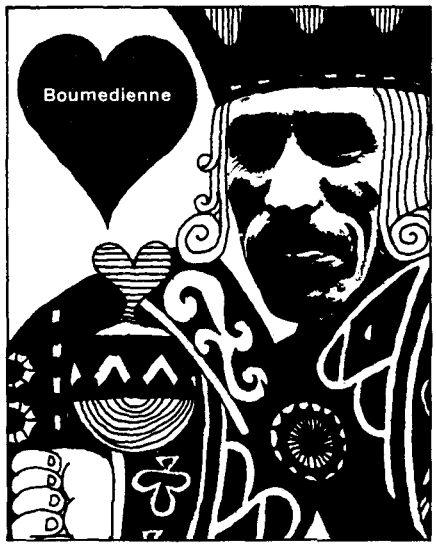

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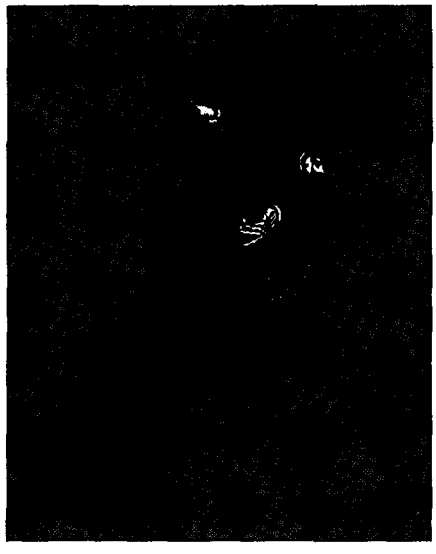

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Marginalia

A Message of Singular Importance From the People of Vietnam

The following document is of extraordinary significance in the embroglio of reporting of America's purpose and methods in Vietnam. It states, in simple, declarative terms, the feelings of the people of South Vietnam about the war this country is waging there. Their position essentially contradicts what the Johnson Administration represents as the desire of the South Vietnamese people for the United States presence. This message from the South Vietnam populace was brought to the United States by a man whose credentials are unquestionable. As an official of the United States economic aid program, Richard S. Browne lived for six years in Indo-China — in Cambodia from 1955 to 1958, then in South Vietnam from 1958 to 1961. An American Negro who speaks Vietnamese and is married to a Vietnamese woman, Browne visited South Vietnam again this summer and returned with this plea from the people. It should be read by every American concerned with the realities of our foreign policy as opposed to the rationales. —The Editors.

Richard S. Browne

Shortly before I left Vietnam in 1961 to return to the United States I solemnly promised a group of my Vietnamese friends that I would devote great effort to informing the American people of the widely and passionately held desire of the Vietnamese people to be free of the oppressive Diem government which the United States was imposing upon them in the name of freedom and democracy. Like many foreigners, the Vietnamese people felt certain that once the American people understood what Diem and his government were really like, America would withdraw her support and the Vietnamese people would be free to form a government of their own choice.

Events proved otherwise, however, and Washington was able to perpetuate the myth of Diem as a popular leader and of South Vietnam as a great democracy until a few Buddhist monks, whose devotion to liberty and to their religion was sufficient to overcome the human instinct for self-preservation, chose to cremate themselves in the streets of Saigon. With the horrified attention of the world then focused on South Vietnam, Washington was obliged to withdraw its support from Diem, and the wish of the Vietnamese people for his removal was immediately demonstrated.

I have recently returned from making a brief revisit to South Vietnam. Once again I find myself commissioned to bring a message back to the American people from the people of Vietnam — and once again it is a message which directly contradicts the official view on Vietnam which Washington propagates. This time I found the popular spokesmen for virtually all elements of the population (except for the refugees and the military officer class) not only reflecting vigorous opposition to American policy in Vietnam but also voicing a great deal more skepticism concerning the ability of the American public either to gain access to truth or to exert influence over their (United States) government.

. . . opposition to American policy in Vietnam . . .

The 1965 message which the people of Vietnam (religious and intellectual spokesmen — except for Northern Catholic refugees now resident in the South — working class people, students and, from secondary sources, peasants) wish me to transmit

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Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

to the American people is a plea that the United States immediately cease the wanton destruction of their country and people and permit the Vietnamese people to work out their own internal disputes free from the unsettling effects of foreign interference.

Pointing to the modern aircraft, heavy weaponry, bombs, napalm, etc., which the United States has introduced into the Vietnamese dispute and which have transformed it from a mild, all-Vietnamese ground action with rifles and grenades into a full scale international war, they ask: "To what avail all this destruction? It has served only to make the other side stronger."

Despite the fact that the vast majority of South Vietnamese do not seem to be particularly enamored of the Communist ideology, there is great indication that the affront to Vietnamese independence and national pride which the American takeover has occasioned has pushed many non-Communist Vietnamese into the ranks of the National Liberation Front (NLF), concerning whose fierce national pride there is no question. The spectacle of tall, wealthy, white Americans ordering the Vietnamese around, either overtly or through United States approved stooges, is too much of a throwback to the hated colonial period to be stomached by many Vietnamese, and those who don't openly join the rebels are likely to be at least as helpful to them as they are to the government. In the Vietnamese army this attitude is increasingly displayed by a rising rate of defections or by what the American troops call "cowardice," lack of incentive, or poor morale.

iited States approved stooges . . .

Demoralization is, of course, widespread in all echelons of the Vietnam populace, for although it is generally accepted by the South Vietnamese that the NLF will ultimately be the victors—whether on the battlefield or at the conference table—the people find themselves unable to prevent their country from being destroyed in a futile military confrontation which insists on being acted out to its final, predetermined conclusion.

Not eager to see his country communized, the average Vietnamese would nevertheless greatly prefer this fate to a continuance of the unimaginable destruction which Vietnam is suffering. It is the United States which feels that stopping communism or China is an objective which justifies unlimited sacrifice. Most Vietnamese do not share this view. Essentially, they wish we would go and fight our quarrels elsewhere.

Vietnam is ıffering . . .

What is even more alarming to them than seeing us push their country toward communism, is seeing us push it further into the clutches of big neighbor China.

Editorial:

At Howard University in the Spring of 1965, the President proclaimed the basic ideology of white relations to Negroes which the Federal government both pursued and accepted. That ideology included the passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act which was to guarantee the Negro the opportunity to vote, the Equal Opportunity Act of 1964 which was undertaken to make a stab at poverty, and new ideas and expenditures on education fashioned to fix a sagging education system which discriminated against the Negro. What now seemed necessary was to get the Negro ready for these goodies. He was to prepare himself to run that race of opportunism which his white American brethren had become so adept at running. Running that race was not so easy any more since many Americans viewed their society much in a manner of a country club which requires dues, certification, excellence, etc. It would seem that now one has to be prepared for the club *before* he is allowed to enter.

. . . get the Negro ready for these goodies . . .

To make the necessary preparations, the Johnson Administration has been calling on many "leading Americans," as the saying goes, who are helping in the formulation of a White House Conference on Civil Rights. The single most important paper which is available to that conference, and which may serve as its credenda, was written by former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel Patrick Moynihan and an assistant, Paul Barton. The report presents a great array of statistics and graphs (without stating their assumptions or methodology) in the areas of comparative education, employment, fertility, divorces, illegitimacy rates between whites and Negroes. The conclusion of these statistics is that, in the main, Negroes are worse off than they have ever been in the United States. Now what is it that the Moynihan Report thinks the Federal government has to do about this situation? "A national effort is required that will give a unity of purpose to the many activities of the Federal government in this area, directed to a new kind of national goal: the establishment of a stable Negro family structure."

. . . Negroes are worse off . . .

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This refrain is reiterated throughout the report. Its rather extraordinary policy conclusion is supported by a leavening of social science "findings," certain supposed truths from psychoanalysis, and the rhetoric of faded radicalism which masks a policy that, if enacted, would result in a new form of exploitation of the Negro.

It is ironic that the Negro family structure should now be the object of attack by middle class social science and bureaucracy. The extended family structure of the Negro is parallel in many instances to that found in the upper class where one has to be an expert in consanguineal relationships to map out the bewildering array of half-brothers, stepsisters, half-stepaunts, stepparents, etc. No one seems to be concerned about those relationships. The reason, of course, is that the upper class has money and power so that their "goings-on" have an element of allure and attraction to the middle class that it does not see in the lower class.

. . . stopped the Negro male from strutting . . .

The Report accepts the new wisdom: what is missing in the Negro is a strong male or father image. Negroes, the report says, are dominated by women and they never get to feel like men. According to the report, "The very essence of the male animal, from the bantam rooster to the four-star general, is to strut." Slavery and the Negro matriarch, it is averred, have stopped the Negro male from strutting. Where is the place he could learn to strut? Why, in the Armed Forces. "There is another special quality about military service for Negro men: it is an utterly masculine world. Given the strains of the disorganized and matrifocal family in which so many Negro youth come of age, the Armed Forces are a dramatic and desperately needed change: *a world away from women, a world run by strong men of unquestioned authority, where discipline, if harsh, is nonetheless orderly and predictable* (emphasis added) and where rewards, if limited, are granted on the basis of performance." Indeed, the palliative for the Negro male, who, according to the report is not joining the Armed Forces consonant with the number that he is in the society, is through an authoritarian system, so that he can again feel like a man. But authoritarian systems are too often first cousins to slavery where the basis for their operation is dehumanization, emasculation and blind obedience.

The problem of maleness or momism is not something upon which Negroes have a monopoly. Many of our readers are painfully aware of the castrating Jewish, Irish or Italian matriarch. Yet no White House Conference seems to be scheduled on how President Johnson's Administration intends to rebuild the Jewish, Irish and Italian family by restoring manhood to Jewish, Irish and Italian men.

. . . the castrating Jewish, Irish or Italian matriarch . . .

There is a more invidious problem which presents itself. If the central concern of the Federal bureaucracy in civil rights is now going to be the family, what kind of family is it that Americans are supposed to have? Obviously, for Negroes and the poor the new ideology calls for a curtailment on the size of the family. But the issue of birth control raises serious questions, especially for Negroes who have seen it used in the South as an instrument of torture and political control, and they will find it very hard to see it any other way. We believe that birth control is an individual matter, and that whether the poor Negro should have nine children, even if on welfare, is a concern of the individual and not of the State.

. . . birth control is an individual matter . . .

What we see involved here is a new form of discrimination, the kind which ruling classes have historically adopted toward a subjugated people. That discrimination concerns the method of how slaves may exist — but in small enough numbers — so that they do not overrun the rulers. In the United States the question may be seen by some white politicians as how to control Negro populations in the cities so they don't run them.

What does this all add up to? First of all, we see no reason why Negroes have to shape up to anyone's theory of what a family should be like. Consequently, we don't see what business it is of the Federal government to make this its fundamental policy objective. If the Johnson Administration is concerned about various social problems, let it begin to figure out how to restructure the economic and educational systems of the United States so that they will provide the context of a meaningful existence for individuals. We do not deprecate the importance of the family as a social unit except when it is used as an attempt to mask the timidity of a group of leaders who do not want to tamper with the feudal organizational structure of the United States which concerns itself with manpower, not men.

. . . a bogus stability . . .

We do not believe that the family should be used as a cynical instrument to uphold a bogus stability that does little more than mask the basic problems which the Federal government can do something

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about: education, employment, new forms of social security, restoring decision-making power to the people rather than to the bureaucrats.

Further, we do not believe that the Federal government should now dignify the social welfare monopoly — with its cop and spying attributes — with a *raison d'être* which will allow it to decide on family units and what they should be like. It is enough that the social welfare agencies have been the principal cause of forcing men from their homes, because women on relief are not able to collect if there is a man around the house. Let them first undo that abomination.

. . a man ound the iouse . . .

Finally, we do not think that a democratic society which supposedly adheres to the theory of shared values has the right to assume that one group or class has *the answer* for the rest of society. That sort of homogeneity we do not need. It is only the foolish who would think that the middleclass family structure is the be-all and end-all of existence. It is hardly something that has to be emulated.

James Baldwin has said, "I cannot accept the proposition that the 400-year travail of the American Negro should result in his attainment of the present level of American civilization . . . White people cannot in the generality be taken as models of how to live. Rather the white man is himself in sore need of new standards." We agree.

If any proof of that statement is required, we think that the Vietnam War should suffice.

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ndon:

TV OR NOT TV

ence Prittie

Six years ago the late Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the left-winging stormy petrel of the British Labour Party, proposed that the proceedings of the House of Commons should be continuously televised. He had, on the face of things, a good case to argue. The British public, although it generally shows a sound political instinct, remains wonderfully unaware of what goes on in Westminster. It requires nothing less than a general election campaign to rouse the British voter from his usual political torpor. One result of this is that bye-elections, resulting from the death of a member of the Commons or his promotion to the peerage, almost invariably go against the government in power. Whether or not that particular government is doing well or badly, there is a usual feeling that it could be doing a bit better.

Television, Bevan argued, could do most to inform the opaque British voter at times other than during an election campaign. Continuous televising would "bring the voter into Westminster." It would give him a much greater sense of responsibility and make him a more complete citizen. It would have the immense advantage of being totally unbiased; the TV viewer would be given no "slant" but would see and hear exactly what went on. It might, too, instill a greater sense of purpose into the Parliamentarians themselves and a greater snap and sparkle into proceedings.

Since 1959, various other leading politicians have taken up Bevan's proposal. They include the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. James Callaghan; the leader of the Liberal Party, Mr. Jo Grimond; and the Tory Front Bencher, Mr. Iain Macleod. Even that most depressive of debaters, Mr. R. A. Butler, was said at one time to favour the televising of Commons proceedings. The Australian Parliament studied the idea and has already begun to televise debates with, it must be admitted, mixed results. But in traditionally conservative Britain changes are not undertaken in a hurry. It was not until November, 1964, that a Select Committee was appointed to examine the possibilities.

The House of Commons debate showed a strong bias in favor of some sort of televising of debates. It was pointed out that this would not interfere in any way with the normal conduct of proceedings. All that was needed was improved lighting, a few more microphones, an unobtrusive "master of ceremonies," and four even more unobtrusive, remote-controlled cameras slung under the visitors' galleries. The presence of a master of ceremonies presented a minor problem; he would presumably not be a member of the Commons. The entry into the Chamber of the Commons of a non-member has traditionally been met with the shout of "I spy strangers!" and the act of instant ejection. But the House would presumably stretch a point in the case of an electrician in permanent attendance.

. . . unobtrusive master of ceremonies . . .

What members differed about was whether there should be continuous televising, or an edited version which would be far shorter and not as dull. As the London Times put it: "A realistic approach must begin by ruling out the suggestion that debates should be televised from beginning to end. Can any prospect more boring than that be conceived?" But an edited version would present difficulties. The Times wanted a professional editor:

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. . . if TV ever comes to Westminster . . .

"If TV ever comes to Westminster, the public has a right to expect that its control would be left independent of official interference." But some members pointed out that this could lead to bias, and proposed that the editor of an "authorized version of the day in Parliament" should preferably be appointed by a Select Committee of the Commons and be answerable to it.

There were other objections, both to an edited version and to the televising of proceedings at all. The public might think, one member remarked, that an edited version was biased, even if this were not the case: "The public is very rightly watchful, skeptical and suspicious of politicians. They are alert for any symptoms of secretiveness, guile or insincerity." A former Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, said televising might seriously affect parliamentary procedure. How would it affect the business of a member "catching the Speaker's eye?" Would it restrain those traditional cries of "Oh! Oh!" (made when a speaker is overstating his case), and "Resign!" (when a government majority is reduced after a vote has been taken, but not seriously intended to mean at all that the government *should* resign). Would TV viewers understand such time-honored habits, or would they have to be revised? And what about Front Benchers putting their feet on the table? This has gone on for hundreds of years, but TV viewers might regard it as the height of bad manners.

. . . catching the Speaker's eye . . .

Curiously, no member of the Commons cited the experience of the West German Parliament (the Bundestag) in Bonn, where debates were continuously televised over a period of several years. Televising had one salutary effect on members of the Bundestag: they virtually ceased from conducting private conversations during debates, from writing letters, reading newspapers and correspondence, and sleeping. But there were obvious disadvantages. Members declaimed to the television cameras, which were themselves highly obtrusive. There was a tendency to be prolix and to play to the invisible gallery of the West German electorate. And viewers complained increasingly of the dullness of debates. Finally, the Bundestag decided by a large majority to end televising of proceedings.

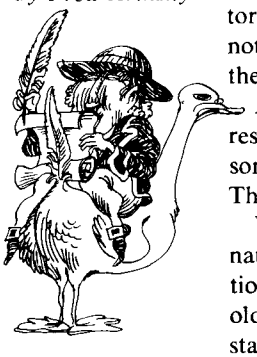
. . . the dullness of debates . . .

It is, however, fairly predictable what is going to happen in Westminster. The question has been referred back to the Select Committee on Publications and Debates, which will report at the end of the year. The Commons will debate the question again early in 1966 and should decide, by a fairly large majority, in favor of televised proceedings. It will almost certainly decide in favor of an edited version, which will cost only $700,000 for installations and $170,000 annually — whereas the cost of continuous televising would be around $98 million. A really well-edited version would be a limited success; anything less would be a failure.

Opinion:

UNDERNEATH THE ANGUISH

by Fred Krinsky



What kind of world is dying? What kind of a world is being born? If you will take a hasty glance over the pages of history, you will see that there has never been one single generation in all recorded history in which the mass of the people were not ruled arbitrarily by a mere fraction of the population.

A few rulers lived at the top while the rest of humanity was sunk in slavery, or some form of subjugation equal to slavery. This form of society is dying!

We are living at the concurrent culmination of four world-transforming revolutions — political (which has destroyed our old, comfortable, semi-balanced multiple state system), colonial (which has helped sap the strength of the great European powers), technological (which has reduced to almost naught the formerly vital factors of time, space and industrial "head-start") and moral (which is the truly challenging aspect of the Communist challenge since, unlike the Nazis who threatened to subjugate and rule the rest of the world, the Communists offer the hope, as they express it, of the best of all worlds).

All these constitute what has so aptly been termed by Max Lerner the "multiple revolution of our times." We must come to understand the underlying theme of this revolutionary ferment.

But society is so complex, and it is organized into so many races, religions, states, and superstates, that any such revolutionary change as we are witnessing in our time is bound not to be an even, steady change from slavery to freedom for the masses; it will instead be a change which takes place in a complex and confusing pattern of events, with the advance toward freedom in many places taking the form not of absolute freedom itself, but of a new form of tyranny and slavery.

. . . from slavery to freedom . . .

Where we have failed and failed tragically is that we have allowed first Russia and then China to capture the imagination of millions of people in Europe, Africa,

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and Asia, as the revolutionary symbol of our century. In the 19th century America was that symbol. Such revolutionary activity as occurred in the late 18th and 19th centuries all over the world was American inspired.

But as our ability to support revolutionary leadership has increased, we more and more have let the revolutionary center of the world move from America into the Communist orbit — the most disastrous occurrence of the 20th century.

The world revolution will go on. We were once a conscious and eager participant in that revolution. We rejoiced, for example, when thrones toppled in Europe and old, corrupt dynasties crumbled in Asia. Every child in American public schools was taught to look upon America as a land that was born under revolutionary leadership and inspired by a revolutionary principle. That was the great, the historic American ideal.

'asm of Red hysteria . . .

But for the past third of a century, we have passed from one spasm of Red hysteria into another, complicating domestic problems and slowing up their solutions with fear of communism and fear of revolution. We allowed revolutionary theory and Communist theory to become synonymous in our thinking. In effect, we have accepted Russia's bid for the revolutionary leadership of the world.

From 1917 to 1945 we were hopelessly confused in our interpretation of events in Europe and Asia. Our public opinion was in a constant state of muddle. We lost all consciousness of ourselves as a revolutionary community.

We began to talk about captured eternal prosperity, for ourselves of course, and not for the world. We were going to build a nice big island in the midst of the revolutionary world we ourselves had helped to create in 1776, and we were going to live comfortably on that island while Hitler and Mussolini, the gangsters we favored, licked the Communists in Russia, the gangsters we feared. That is the way we were looking at the world and ourselves about 1939.

e New Deal et us too . . .

Then too, our Depression had upset us. And the New Deal upset us too, or at least upset a lot of us, and still does. We saw the war coming on, but we had not the slightest notion of any responsibility for the conditions which had brought it on. We fought Hitler only because there was nothing else to do. It was almost solely a war of self-defense with us. We never grasped the great opportunity offered us to regain our lost revolutionary leadership of the world.

No — instead, we emerged from that war in a mood to wash our hands of the whole thing.

When the war had been won, we failed to step into a position of real leadership in world affairs. When the mass of mankind is emerging from a condition of servitude into one of freedom, it must have some group, some movement, some clear cause with which it can identify. We failed to offer it the banner.

. . . go and get yourself educated . . .

We Americans cannot go on saying to the millions of people struggling for freedom all over the world, "Now go and get yourself educated and cleaned up and stay clear of any Socialist ideas and get yourself going in a good profitable business with your sons graduating from college and marrying nice girls from nice colleges and then we will take you into our democratic world and you can be one of us and join our golf clubs and come to our parties and we'll never bother you about your antecedents or anything like that — all we ask is that you get yourself ahead a little in the world before you try to join up with us."

If we would be good American citizens, we must strive much harder to find a way to break the divorce between dignity, honesty and responsibility on the one hand, and the revolutionary democratic spirit on the other. That is what the democracy of our time will have to be, if it is to guide the world revolution into channels of freedom and save it from selfish leadership.

The people of the world are on the move, and they will keep moving until all the world is free: free from slavery, from poverty, from over-population, from superstition, and from oppression. Mankind will not forever supinely suffer itself to live in darkness and disease, in stupor, superstition and oppression.

. . . poverty plus exhileration equals dynamite . . .

In much of Asia, Africa, and South America the equation, poverty plus exhilaration equals dynamite, will continue to hold true for the foreseeable future. In each of these areas men will insistently renew their demands for complete sovereignty. They will vehemently oppose racial discrimination. They will experiment with many new economic forms. It is up to us to keep this world revolution moving in the right direction and to protect it as fully as possible from its enemies of every name, both those enemies who claim to be its friends and

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Land-Rover 109 Station Wagon with Heat Shield I

"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this ne Land-Rover comes from the roar of the engine

What makes Land-Rover the most conspicuous car in the world? "There is really n secret," says an eminent Land-Rover enthusiast.

1. "Except for rattles, I am against silence in a car," writes John Steinbeck, a Land-Rover enthusiast, "and I don't know a driver who doesn't want to hear his engine."

2. If this is so, then you may like the Land-Rover very much indeed.

3. Our 4-wheel drive (8 speeds forward, 2 in reverse) masterpiece is not mousey. Its throaty authority is assuring in times of stress; which nowadays is usually.

4. Nor is this claim true only at 60 miles an hour. A Land-Rover is more conspicuous even when it is standing still. With the ignition off.

5. The Land-Rover stands nea seven feet tall. All its features te to heroic proportion.

6. Therefore, when driving, you v simply loom over traffic which p viously had scared the devil out you.

7. This is not only safe and enj

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LITCHFIELD
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LYME
Reynolds Garage and Marine (LR)

MIDDLETOWN
Berkeley Motor Co. (LR)

PLAINVILLE
Farmington Ave. Motor Sales Inc. (R & LR)

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Scotch Cap Service Station (LR)

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FLORIDA

BELLE GLADE
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FORT MYERS
Overseas Motors Corp. (R & LR)

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JACKSONVILLE
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LEESBURG
Lake Ford Tractor Co. (LR)

LIVE OAK
Suwannee Valley Tractor Co

MELBOURNE
Bill Lowery Motor Company

MIAMI
Charles Stuart Motors

MIAMI
Growers Equipment Co.

ORLANDO
Hood Tractor Co.

PLANT CITY
Revels Ford Tractor Co.

SANFORD
Sanford Motor Co.

SARASOTA
Harrison Motors, Inc.

SEBRING
Pioneer Tractor Co.

TAMPA
Cralle Hall Motor

TITUSVILLE
Brevard Tractor Co. Inc.

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Hal Jones Ltd., Inc.

WINTER HAVEN
Polk Tractor Company

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le, but you will exult to observe w other drivers, awe-inspired by e Land-Rover's casual might, yield deference.

(Small wonder that women are ormously fond of driving Land- vers. The easy command of such ssive, maneuverable masculinity heady stuff.)

You may have read of tests ere "imported cars" fared badly collisions? It's a pity we weren't there to help out the side. The nd-Rover is built to resist the arge of a bull rhinoceros; or a bull ncoln for that matter.

). The Land-Rover's sturdiness of nstruction (the under-frame re- nbles a reinforced section of rail- y track) makes it ideal for track- s wastes, car pools of small chil- en, wretched ordeals, etcetera.

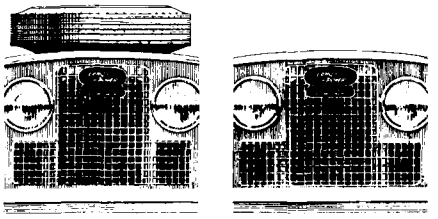
. There are perhaps 14 Land- ver hardy perennials ranging m safari cars and campers to po- e vans and getaway cars. Our st popular passenger models are e 7-seater Model 88 and the 10- ter Model 109 Station Wagons.

-A. An attractive feature of the Land-Rover is that it is precisely attractive as the '64.

2. Both of these have capacious ar doors for unloading bulk or ople. The unathletic may use the ld-down step.

3. The after compartment has fac- gseats. This arrangement, although mewhat reminiscent of riding in a ddy-wagon, is extremely sociable. te at night, it is hilarious.

14. The Land-Rover is available with a spare tire either mounted on the rear door or on top of the hood. The tires are identical in every respect save that it costs $7.40 more to have one on the hood.



LAND-ROVER WITH & WITHOUT TIRE ON HOOD

15. People who feel diffident about driving a Land-Rover with the spare tire on the hood can buy the conventional Land-Rover and save $7.40.

PRICE: The Model 109 Station Wagon illustrated in this advertisement costs **$3,906** on the Atlantic Coast, **$4,092** on the Pacific Coast; at places in between, it costs in between. The Model 88 Station Wagon (shorter by 1 door) costs about **$600** less.

If you would like to listen to the Land-Rover, or to the embarrassingly quiet Mark II Rover Sedan, or to the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan (which has "a little panty mutter when idling that rises to a whispering roar in the lower gears," according to Mr. Steinbeck), please ask any dealer here listed.

(LR) signifies a Land-Rover dealer; (R), a Rover dealer; (R & L R), both.

Thank you.

MISSOURI
ST. JOSEPH — Hatfield Hardware & Sport. Goods (LR)
ST. LOUIS — Ed Debrecht Imp. Cars Ltd., Inc. (LR)

MONTANA
BILLINGS — Dan's Auto Sales (R & LR)
BUTTE — Knievel's (R & LR)
HELENA — Motor Mart of Helena (LR)
MISSOULA — Rambler City (LR)

NEVADA
ELKO — Wright Motors (LR)
ELY — T & G Motors (LR)
LAS VEGAS — Courtesy Motors (LR)
LAS VEGAS — Pat Clark Pontiac (LR)
RENO — Von Housen's Motors Inc. (R & LR)

NEW HAMPSHIRE
AMHURST — Millward Motors, Inc. (LR)
BERLIN — The Auto Mart, Inc. (LR)
COLEBROOK — Crest Auto Sales (LR)
JAFFREY — Boutwell's Garage (LR)
MILTON — Milton Garage (LR)
NEWPORT — Chase and Avery (R & LR)
NEWTON — Morse's Garage (LR)

NEW JERSEY
BLAWENBURG — Atkinson's Foreign Car Service, Inc. (LR)
FRANKLIN — Franklin Foreign Cars (LR)
HANOVER — Chapman & Stormer, Inc. (R)
RED BANK — Continental Cars, Andersen, Inc. (R & LR)
SOMERVILLE — Town & Country Motors (LR)
TENAFLY — Menzer Motors Inc. (R)
WAYNE — Bob Lesko, Inc. (LR)

NEW MEXICO
ALAMOGORDO — Alamo Motorsport, Inc. (R & LR)
ALBUQUERQUE — Durand Tractor & Equipment Co. (LR)
GALLUP — Navajo Motors, Inc. (LR)
ROSWELL — Roswell Imptd. Cars (LR)
TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES — Central Motors (LR)

NEW YORK
AMITYVILLE — Trencher Motors Ltd. (R)
BROOKLYN — Skyline Sportscars Inc. (R)
ELMIRA — Lyman D. Gridley, Inc. (LR)
FLORAL PARK — Swedish Sport Car Center (Div. of Motor Mart, Inc.) (R)
GLENS FALLS — Burton Equipment Co. (LR)
HUNTINGTON — Coldspring Enterprises (R & LR)
JAMESTOWN — McFadden Ford, Inc. (LR)
MARYLAND — Morris Garage (R & LR)
MONTGOMERY — Manzari Auto & Boating Center (R & LR)
MOUNT KISCO — Nu-Trend Motors (R)
NEW YORK CITY — de Langton Ltd. (R & LR)
NEW YORK CITY — Martin Motor Sales, Inc. (R & LR)
NEW YORK CITY — Wolf Sales & Service Corp. (R & LR)
PORT WASHINGTON — Johnson Motors (R & LR)
ROCHESTER — F. J. Kilburne Inc. (R)
ST. JOHNSVILLE — Capece Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)
SOUTHAMPTON — Grattans (R & LR)
UTICA — Elliots Imported Cars (R)
VESTAL — Jim Forno Cont. Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
WHITE PLAINS — East Coast Imported Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

OHIO
CLEVELAND — British Engineering (R & LR)

OREGON
BURNS — Granger & Grover Motor Co. (LR)
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EUGENE — Arthur I. Flower (R & LR)
GOLD BEACH — Olsen Motors (LR)
PORTLAND — The Motor Mart (LR)

PENNSYLVANIA
ALTOONA — Jack Beasley Ford Sales, Inc. (LR)
BERWYN — Keystone Motors (R & LR)
CLEARFIELD — Stratton Motor Co. (LR)
DALLAS — Kunkle Motors (LR)
DOYLESTOWN — Keystone Motors (LR)
DUNMORE — Fred Skaluba (LR)
GLENSHAW — Malone Motor Car Co. of Glenshaw (R & LR)
GREENSBURG — Snyder Motor Sales (LR)
READING — Lindgren & Manske, Inc. (R & LR)
STATE COLLEGE — Jack Beasley Ford of State College (LR)
STROUDSBURG — Baylor Motors (R & LR)
WARREN — Keystone Garage of Warren, Inc. (LR)
WILLIAMSPORT — Har-Wel Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
YORK — Carl Beasley Co. (LR)
YORK — Whiteford Motors (R)

RHODE ISLAND
NEWPORT — Ray's Auto Sales Inc. (LR)
NORTH KINGSTOWN — Kingstown Motor Co. (LR)
NORTH PROVIDENCE — Wigwam Sport Center (R)

TEXAS
AUSTIN — Travis County Equipment Co. (LR)
CORSICANA — Navarro County Tractor Co. (LR)
CORPUS CHRISTI — Gunderland Marine Supply (LR)
CORPUS CHRISTI — San Antonio Machine & Supply Corp. (LR)
DALLAS — Precision Motors (R & LR)
EL PASO — Yaqui Motor Company (LR)
HOUSTON — D. B. Allison Company (LR)
SAN ANTONIO — Alamo Sports Car Inc. (R)
SAN ANTONIO — The Torgerson Co. (LR)
VICTORIA — Go-Trac, Inc. (R & LR)
WICHITA FALLS — Birge Motor Company (LR)

UTAH
SALT LAKE CITY — Mate Sports Car Clinic (R & LR)

VERMONT
BRATTLEBORO — Hometown Motors, Inc. (LR)
BURLINGTON — Lakeview Buick (LR)
FAIRLEE — Fairlee Auto Sales (LR)
RUTLAND — Russ Smith Sales & Service (LR)
ST. JOHNSBURY — Vinton Motors, Inc. (LR)
SWANTON — Handy Truck and Tractor (LR)
WOODSTOCK — F. A. Richmond (LR)

VIRGINIA
ARLINGTON — European Motors (R & LR)
BERRYVILLE — Foreign Car Service & Sales (LR)
CHARLOTTESVILLE — S-K Motors (R & LR)
GOSHEN — Goshen Garage (LR)
GRUNDY — Modern Sales & Service Inc. (LR)
RICHMOND — Moorers Motor Car Co. (R & LR)

WASHINGTON
HOQUIAM — Guy's Auto Sales Company (LR)
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TACOMA — A B C Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

WEST VIRGINIA
APPLE FARM (Southeast 15 miles from Grantsville) (LR)
BECKLEY — Plantation Motors Inc. (LR)
BLUEFIELD — Yeager Auto Sales, Inc. (LR)
CHARLESTON — Tag Galyean, Inc. (LR)
FAIRMONT — Dale Huey Auto Service (LR)
HUNTINGTON — Tag Galyean of Huntington, Inc. (LR)

WISCONSIN
WEST ALLIS — Daum Motor Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

WYOMING
CHEYENNE — Halladay Motors, Inc. (LR)
JACKSON — Imeson's Texaco Service (LR)
LANDER — Hallam, Inc. (LR)
POWELL — Okay Chevrolet (LR)
ROCK SPRINGS — Anselmi's Fine Cars (LR)
SHERIDAN — Poll Motor Co. Inc. (LR)
WORLAND — Cook Sales & Service (LR)

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RINGS
Tractor Co. (LR)

GEORGIA
H
e Chrysler Plymouth Inc. (LR)

HAWAII
Kea Motors (R & LR)

IDAHO
ALENE
otors (R & LR)
E
ale Tractor & Equip. Co. (LR)

ILLINOIS
EST
Continental Autos, Inc. (R & LR)

LOUISIANA
ORT
e Tractor & Implement Inc. (LR)

MAINE
d Motors (LR)

FARMINGTON — The Oliver Stores, Inc. (LR)
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LEWISTON — Davis Cadillac Co. (LR)
PORTLAND — Maine Motors Company (LR)
ROCKLAND — Miller's Garage, Inc. (LR)
RUMFORD — Taylor Buick Pontiac Co. Inc. (LR)
WATERVILLE — Proctor's Garage (LR)

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE — A & R Imported Motor Cars Inc. (R & LR)
CENTREVILLE — Renshaw & Emory Equip. Co. Inc. (LR)
CUMBERLAND — Woods Foreign Motors (LR)
HAGERSTOWN — Antietam Motors, Inc. (LR)
KENSINGTON — Altemus Servicenter (R & LR)

MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON — Britannic Motors (R & LR)
BOSTON (Milton) — Hoover Motors (R & LR)
BEVERLY — Naumkeag Auto Sales (R & LR)
CANTON — Haynes Garage, Inc. (LR)
EDGARTOWN — Depot Corners Serv. Sta. Inc. (R & LR)
FRAMINGHAM — Gaston Andrey Inc. (R)
NANTUCKET — Island Motors (LR)
NEW BEDFORD — Gracia's Foreign Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
NORTHAMPTON — Hampshire Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)
ORLEANS — Orleans Motors (LR)
PITTSFIELD — Haddad Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)
PLYMOUTH — Midway Motors, Inc. (LR)
SPRINGFIELD — Professional Garage (R)
WEST BOYLSTON — Maim Auto Sales Inc. (LR)

MICHIGAN
GRAND RAPIDS — Performance Cars, Inc. (R & LR)
HOUGHTON — Wenberg Sales (LR)
IRON MOUNTAIN — Jacobs Motors (LR)
ISHPEMING — Hebbard Rambler Sales (LR)
MANISTIQUE — Mark Rambler Co. (LR)
OAK PARK — Imported Auto Distributors, Inc. (LR)

MINNESOTA
HIBBING — Adventures Unlimited, Div. of Hilligoss Chevrolet Inc. (LR)

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those who are avowedly its opponents.

It is a notorious fact that the revolutionist of one generation is often the reactionary of the next. This is what we should ever guard against. The American should be in sympathy with revolutions insofar as they are liberating forces.

We Americans still have a chance to do this. But if the democratic forces of the world go on much longer tagging along with first one set of tyrants and then another, as they endeavor to save their own necks, our prestige will soon have died an ignominious death.

As a citizen of the American democracy, I have a faith that there is in freedom the seed of renewed life, the power within freedom itself to achieve renewal — while I as firmly believe that tyranny carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. I believe that underneath all the anguish of our times, there is a common decency at the heart of humanity which in the end will assert itself and build a better world — not a static one, but a living, free world.

"Massah LBJ and His Nigrahs"

by Saul Landau

At the same time that Negro civil rights leaders and their white liberal friends were congratulating themselves over the passage of the Voting Rights Bill, thousands of Negroes in Watts were waging war. The Civil Rights Movement, said a southern Negro minister, is for all intents and purposes over — and so it is. More than one million new Negro voters will cast ballots in 1966 and by 1968 few seriously believe that any southern Negro who wishes to vote will have trouble getting to the polling booth.

Federal employees working on the Headstart and other anti-poverty programs will have dispensed many services; welfare checks will go to more people and for greater amounts; the minimum wage will be established and the AFL-CIO, aided by the Government, will civilize industrial relations — in short Mississippi and the other underdeveloped states will be brought into the American political and economic system. The Civil Rights Movement has, through direct action, pressured the Government to bring the Negro into the white society.

However, in Mississippi some of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) staff, now working for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (FDP), are bitter over the passage of the Voting Rights Bill. It was not their objective merely to win the vote so that Johnson could claim these newly enfranchised blacks. This was not why so many were beaten, jailed and murdered. The Freedom Party will of course push on and try to make the vote meaningful; but it will eventually merge into the political system as have all third parties in the past.

The bread and butter issues require additional effort if they are to be won quickly and there are cadres of Negroes and whites that COFO (SNCC and Martin Luther King's SCLC) has trained to help organize and fight until legislatures and administrations feel the pressure. The anti-poverty program is an example. Just as the Voting Rights Bill assures no more than that the Negro will vote, the additional charity from the government assures no more than that a few basic needs will receive more attention from the beneficent Man in Washington. These are gains that cannot be denied. Children will be seen by doctors; some unemployed will get makeshift jobs; some will acquire minimum job skills; more children will learn how to read and be able to pass the Army entrance examination.

. . . the beneficent Man in Washington . . .

But what of the SNCC vision? The vote does not provide a man with meaningful choices; at best it is the lesser of two evils. He cannot select the candidates — even if Mississippi is desegregated on all levels. The increased welfare payment provides more food, but it does not give a man dignity; if anything it takes it away — even though some social workers try hard.

The new voter will not participate in the decisions that affect his life. The war in Vietnam is sponsored by the generous Texan who gave the black man the vote. Who else would he vote for anyway? Goldwater? The new freeway — yes, they have them in Mississippi also — will run through his county, and the Redevelopment Agency will tear his house down in Jackson, and the welfare check will be doled out by social workers who will inspect to make sure that he really isn't working, or that the children-laden woman does not occasionally sneak a man into the house. The SNCC vision of community and meaningful human relationships is clouded by the bureaucracy that has delivered the money, the social workers and professionals who will administer to, of, by and for the poor.

. . . sneak a man into the house . . .

" 'Let the people decide,' " said a three year veteran of Mississippi guerrilla war, "doesn't mean anything when it comes from the mouths of these phony liberals

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who tell us they want to help us. They will deliver the vote to LBJ and that's no people's decision. It's like choosing between two kinds of fatal cancer." There is bitterness, talk of going to Mexico, or moving North; talk of how terrible is the quality of life, North and South; the mass media; the manipulation of the advertising men selling goods, services and political candidates, seeing not people but consumers in a great market, to be shaped into better and better consumers.

SNCC workers had a vision. They wanted to meet people's needs and share with them the possibilities of the good society where needs could not be translated into cash terms. They felt that some of the poor understood this and were able to transcend the appeal of the market huckster. Rural Negroes understood when these kids talked, knew that the vote and the welfare check would not make them good human beings in a good society. President Johnson does not know that, nor do his liberal supporters who are saying "I told you he'd deliver. You have to take the bad with the good, the war in Vietnam and the Voting Rights Bill."

. . I told you 'd deliver . . .

"How does the Bill help a Negro to initiate, and how does it give him the resources to make meaningful decisions? It does not give him a choice about whether to fight in Vietnam, or whether to continue living in a slum rather than move into some posh part of town and push some white cat out." A twenty-year-old Negro girl who would be twenty-one just before Election Day was furious that her first vote would not be meaningful. She could not reject the two party system even if she did vote for Mrs. Hamer of the FDP because, without a national organization, no independent party could compete with the Johnson machine.

Some of the frustrated ones talk of conspiracy to smash the FDP, but that is bitterness. Probably Johnson has never heard of it, or if he has he probably assumes they are reasonable people, black and white, who would compromise, especially with all that money being poured into Mississippi. $22 million buys a lot of people, if it is distributed cleverly so that the poor never get any control over it. Why shouldn't an FDP organizer earn $100 a week from Headstart? You can't corrupt him just with money.

money being poured into 'ississippi . . .

What could he or SNCC or anyone have done for the unemployed and unemployable youth in Watts? They are not part of the Civil Rights Movement. They are not demanding the vote or integration or poverty programs. They, like their brother communities in all large cities, North and South, constitute the majority of Negroes in America. They shall not overcome, and especially they shall not sing about it. They are the disenchanted in the jungle of the cities, unrepresented in legislatures or by militant civil rights groups. They care not for the NAACP or Rev. Martin Luther King and likewise the distinguished leadership cares not for them. They are jobless, without community, without representation and they don't vote or pay large taxes.

. . . they care not for the NAACP . . .

Once every year or two their communities speak out in anguish and hysteria. They participate in community activity and represent themselves to the world since no one else can or will — and they do so violently and explicitly.

SNCC would like to organize these communities, but it cannot be done by college kids, no matter how tough and brave. "Perhaps," said a Negro college grad, "if Malcolm had lived . . ." It is so different than organizing sharecroppers or tenants or cotton choppers close to the soil, or laborers who work all or part of the year, or who are on unemployment insurance. Third generation relief, reform school or prison, cursing, fighting, fornicating — the desperate. They never get any mail and they spend what they can steal and their number grows every year. There is no place for them. The Civil Rights Movement is over — especially for them.

. . . they spend what they can steal . . .

The banner "Let the people decide" waves over Mississippi, for it has been decided in Washington that "the people shall decide" and they shall decide to vote for LBJ and the liberal reliables in the Democratic Party. The tip of the carrot may be tasted. Facilities will be integrated. The Jackson swimming pool will be like the Los Angeles beaches. The Great Society has fulfilled another promise and we can all unite and fight together so that freedom does not perish in Vietnam. "Nigrah and white Americans cannot be defeated if they are side by side. Now stop that senseless rioting, destroying property. Let's talk it over and see if we can't compromise fellahs."

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Letters:

REGAL RESPONSE

SIRS:

I have copies of the issue of your magazine dealing with the situation in Vietnam (RAMPARTS, July 1965) containing the interview which I accorded Mr. Robert Scheer. I deeply thank you and address to you all my compliments for the seriousness and objectivity of your publication, to which I wish much success.

. . . With respectful best wishes,

PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK
Chief of State, Cambodia

SEXPOSÉ

SIRS:

When I subscribed to the RAMPARTS I expected controversial and sometimes shocking articles, but the issue of September surprised me. The form you gave to "The Gospel According to Hugh Hefner" and his outsized picture speaks loudly of your identification with the ideas contained in it. Mind you, I am not objecting to the article itself; Hefner has a right to his opinion and RAMPARTS has the right to publish it, but giving it the form of an ancient Gospel gives it editorial approval.

. . . emphasis on pleasure . . .

The ideas contained in the article are not new ideas, though they are dressed in modern language. The emphasis on pleasure was well known in ancient Rome, as it is clearly evident from excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii — and it helped to bring the downfall of the Roman Empire.

ALOIS HUSAK
Atherton, California

SIRS:

Forgive me, but I feel a little warm and giggly. RAMPARTS, I love you. That "Playboy Foldout" is absolutely endearing.

GEORGE DANNELLA
Downer's Grove, Illinois

SIRS:

Congratulations on your witty exposé of the Playboy Society and its leading philosopher, Hugh Hefner. For over ten years, Playboy has been the champion of mediocrity in America, rallying under its banner all affluent non-entities to follow the White Rabbit. And for the past two years, Mr. Hefner has been constructing a new code of ethics for sexual relations.

. . . the White Rabbit . . .

With inane questions, Mr. Keating deftly revealed the hypocrisy and false intellectualism with which Mr. Hefner has been letting fly for too long. Finally, I had been anxiously awaiting Mr. Hefner's picture as Playmate of the Month in his own periodical. I was pleased that you beat him to it, although it would have been much better had he been partially draped in a towel.

PETER H. BARG, M.D.
Portola Valley, California

SIRS:

I am aware that the gothic type of the Hefner piece is meant as a satiric and faintly amusing comment on the idea of a gospel, but may I suggest that future installments be set in a typeface that is readable.

ALAN LITTELL
Brooklyn, New York

GOD BLESS AMERICA

SIRS:

The August 21, 1965 edition of America (the Jesuit weekly) is, indeed, good advertising for your magazine. Any publication that can prod the Jesuits into dropping their double talk and openly revealing their animosity [see Editorial, RAMPARTS, September 1965] is worth my subscription. RAMPARTS is a matter for the confessional. Our affluent pastor maintains his own Index. However, anticipating that after 1900 years, the Catholic Church is about to proclaim religious freedom, I come to the conclusion that reading RAMPARTS will not be too grievous a sin.

CLOVIS BRETON
South Braintree, Massachusetts

YES

SIRS:

My compliments to the chef(s). Your publication is just marvelous. Keeps me from cutting my wrists.

. . . too many foreigners . . .

Being an inarticulate, renegade Catholic surrounded by friends and acquaintances who belong to the Holy Name Society and feel that the only trouble with the world is that there are too many foreigners, Jews, niggers and teenagers in it, I need the cool plunge into RAMPARTS communication.

MIKE PALERMON
Yonkers, New York

NO

SIRS:

Have you been "thoroughly investigated," Mr. Rampart?

WALTER GRAY
Houston, Texas

MAYBE

SIRS:

You are getting hysterical but I shall try one more year.

How about a pinch of restraint and a dollop of taste?

Rt. Rev. Msgr. CHARLES O. RICE
Washington, Pennsylvania

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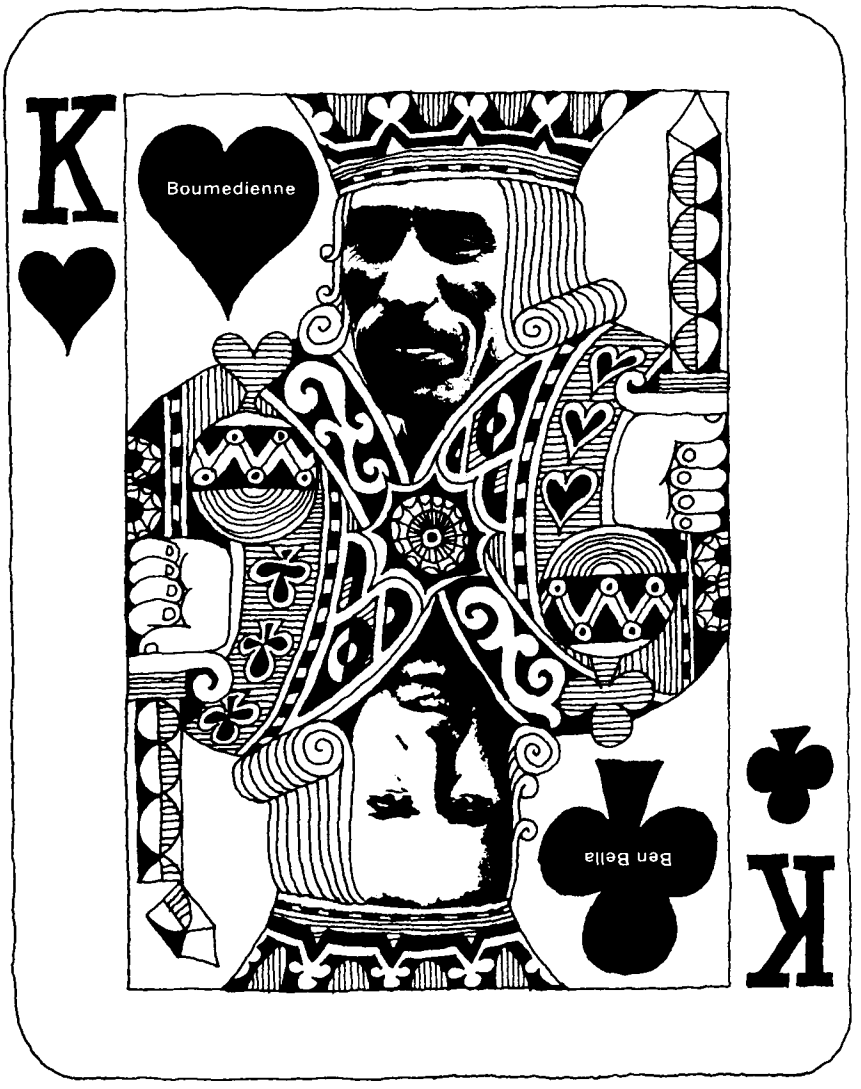

New Deal for Algeria

ONE HEARS TERRIBLE THINGS about Ben Bella lately, and he certainly was a man of many political faults. But the "destalinizing" frenzy (accompanied by cautious Western applause) that marks the current attacks on him is as repelling as the uncritical adulation once heaped upon him by large segments of the vulgar Left. He did, after all, guide Algeria through three exceedingly difficult years, knitted together divisive elements and made bold experiments that remain, in their broad conception, as foundation stones of the new state. And he was above all an "anti-imperialist" leader. He sent guns to dissidents in the Congo, trained Angolan revolutionaries in guerrilla warfare, harbored and often subsidized liberation movements from more than 20 countries or territories. Ben Bella's Algeria bid fair to become a leading force, if not *the* leader of the "Third World," militant variety—by virtue of its heroic revolutionary tradition, announced Socialist vocation, resolutely anti-imperialist stand and decision to pursue a policy independent of all the blocs.

One of the marks of the new regime, which came to power in an Army coup d'état last June, is the relative absence of external "whipping boys." Inward-looking, its main concern is building a viable economy at home. "Why make enemies abroad with wild polemics that have no real effect on the realities of imperialist power," one member of the government explained privately, "when Algeria needs all the friends she can get." Prime Minister Boumedienne says his government seeks to maintain friendly relations with all nations respecting the principle of non-intervention in Algeria's internal affairs.

Although he has promised continued support for national liberation movements, including material aid "within the limits of our means," and allowed some but

RAMPARTS' *Staff Writer David Welsh reports from Algeria*

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"Algerians know a stooge when they see one."

not all of these movements to maintain active offices in Algiers, Boumedienne's foreign policy is clearly more moderate than that of his predecessor. At least two African nationalist movements fear that the new regime's concern not to rock the boat may cost them a useful diplomatic springboard. Official statements about imperialism are milder in tone, and refrain from direct attacks on the United States. Some middle-echelon officials, dismissed under Ben Bella for alleged pro-American leanings, are finding responsible positions in the new bureaucracy. Boumedienne's Fourth of July greetings to President Johnson were cordial in the extreme, almost effusive, although, it must be said, so were his messages to practically every other head of state in the world, including Generalissimo Franco of Spain. United States embassy sources here see a corresponding improvement in Algerian-American relations in the wind.

But if Boumedienne and his Revolutionary Council appear to have abandoned Ben Bella's activist brand of international diplomacy, if they have made tentative overtures toward the West, they have by no means forgotten their own bitter seven and one-half years of revolutionary war. The controlled press and radio continue to report the Vietnam War as a confrontation between "patriots" and American and South Vietnamese "mercenaries." It could scarcely be otherwise, given the profound sympathy most Algerians feel for the Vietnamese insurgents. The Viet Minh victory at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 played an important part in the decision of Algerian nationalists to begin their own rebellion later the same year; it was proof that the French Army was not, after all, invincible, even when faced with an army of ragtag guerrillas. From the beginning, Algerians understood how similar were those two struggles, half a world apart; some even took part in both. Several hundred Algerians serving in the French expeditionary force in Indo-china deserted, and took to the maquis with the Viet Minh; many later returned to Algeria with Vietnamese wives.

Algerians are generally interested in the United States and friendly toward individual Americans. But opinion here is overwhelmingly strong that United States forces have merely relieved the French in a continuing oppression of the Vietnamese people. "Strategic hamlets" recalled the "regroupment centers" set up here by the French during the war of independence, veritable concentration camps designed to cut off the guerrillas from the civilian population, source of refuge, resupply and information. For Algerians, the United States government pronouncements about Vietnam, with their patronizing tone and scarcely disguised racism, have a most familiar ring. And memories of their own collaborators are still too strong for an Algerian to lend much credence to the claim that the Saigon government is representative. Moreover, they remember that during the Algerian War a covert United States agency, in an attempt to weaken the National Liberation Front (NLF), had run guns to the rival and more conservative nationalist movement of Messali Hadj, a movement that by then had almost no popular support. Algerians know a stooge when they see one.

But if the Algerian press reflects a people's strong sense of identity with the Viet Cong, a sentiment the government can hardly ignore, the new ruling team is a lot less noisy about its support. A government spokesman, outlining policy last August, limited himself to declaring Algeria's solidarity with North Vietnam and the Vietnamese people, "in war for 20 years, for 20 years our example," and denouncing the present Vietnam conflict as "a danger to world peace." The men who pulled off the June 19th coup d'état brought with them a commitment to play less on the international stage and to put their own house in order first.

IN A WAR OF INDEPENDENCE as in the building of a national state, however useful foreign assistance might be, success or failure resides ultimately in the collective will of the people, and to a lesser degree, in the ability of their leaders. Just as aid from the Arab and Communist countries made only a minute contribution to the Algerian war effort, so the effect of any Algerian moral and material support to nations still under colonial rule has been minimal indeed. Similarly, for anyone who believes that real progress manifests itself only in the growth of indigenous and viable institutions, foreign aid is only useful insofar as it contributes to their independent growth: a condition usually contrary to the purposes for which aid is granted in the first place. Thus, not to speak of its inevitable debilitating effect on a country's independence, most foreign aid and investment is fraught with objective economic drawbacks. France's sizeable annual contributions—low-interest loans for the most part—have done a lot to keep the Algerian economy afloat during the past three years, and her corps of more than 15,000 teachers and technicians perform invaluable services. But much of France's public help to Algeria has taken on more of the character of relief than development aid, however necessary in the light of this country's two great weaknesses: lack of money and lack of trained personnel. France accords preferential treatment and favorable terms amounting to a subsidy to certain Algerian exports, gives regular work to about half of the 600,000 Algerians living in France whose remittances support more than a million people in their homeland. But these advantages only reinforce Algeria's dependence on her former master. The provision for future development of

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an all-Algerian industrial complex, under the recent Franco-Algerian petroleum agreement, is, hopefully, a precursor of the more disinterested type of foreign-assisted development the poor countries so desperately need. Only the Communist countries—the Czechs and Jugoslavs particularly—have shown any consistent concern with building independent institutions as a primary goal of their aid programs in Algeria. But even the Communists find it hard to resist the temptation to turn an aid project into a neo-colonial appendage.

Private investment, especially, tends to be adapted only indirectly to the real needs of the host economy. Foreign capital, mostly French, still controls 80 per cent of the non-petroleum industry, with the stipulation that 50 per cent of profits must be reinvested here; the other 50 per cent may be repatriated to French banks, although in many cases this has proved difficult. "Mixed companies," with ownership shared by the Algerian state and a foreign concern, have made possible the recent construction of an oil refinery, and assembly plants for Berliet trucks and Renault autos, all of which can adequately supply the present internal market. But even these, begun during the war under the French "Constantine Plan" (a program of industrialization and public works designed to curb unemployment, then thought by French officials to be a principal cause of the insurrection), imply reinforcement of Capitalist structures and continued dependence on French industry.

Oil and natural gas—Algeria's principal export and source of foreign exchange—is still largely the preserve of French companies, with heavy French government participation and supervisory control. United States and British companies hold only minor interests. Exploration and drilling is performed by a network of corporations. In the largest of these, the Algerian state holds a 50 per cent interest and will, by the new oil agreement, be assured 50 per cent participation in exploiting all new petroleum discoveries. In addition, Algeria receives a 53 per cent royalty on profits, although the tax bite on corporations has in the past been softened by liberal allowances and, in one case, rapid amortization write-offs.

Boumedienne evidently shares with Ben Bella a desire to rid the system of all forms of foreign domination, and hopefully to prevent its replacement by the control of an Algerian privileged caste. But in a country where from one-third to two-thirds of the labor force is unemployed or severely underemployed, he seems more ready than his predecessor to encourage new private investment, in areas not in competition with the Socialist sector. Plans under study would establish a new investment code giving long-term guarantees to foreign capital: quite a change from the past three years, when talk of eventual nationalizations was enough to scare off all but a handful of potential new investors. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that the new overtures to private investors represent a policy reversal. One must remember that Ben Bella had already, for example, drastically curtailed Algeria's material aid to revolutionary Africa. Therefore, the new economic measures must be seen as extensions of trends already manifest in the old regime. Too many foreign observers mistook ideological statements about the "gradual disappearance of the private sector" for practical policy in this "period of transition." Had they read the public statements of Ben Bella and his economy minister, Bachir Boumaza, since late 1963, they would have realized that the Socialist sector was already almost too big for this impoverished country to handle, that Algeria had to traverse a long period of consolidation before contemplating further nationalizations. "Socialization of the means of production is not an end in itself," said Boumaza in November 1963. "It is the best and the quickest means of satisfying the economic and social needs of the nation. But in the present phase, it is less important to nationalize than to consolidate our achievements." A month earlier Ben Bella commented on a series of nationalizations just completed: "Now we will have to digest all of that."

ALGERIA IS A COUNTRY OF CONTRADICTIONS, compounded by 130 years of colonial rule, a destructive war and the exodus of a million Europeans, leaving the government and the economy in the hands of men by and large undereducated, scarcely trained, unprepared for their enormous task. It is also a country virtually without statistics, which makes it difficult to make accurate assessments. Misconceptions flourish accordingly. One Western journalist of several years tenure in Algiers commented dourly on the results of three years of independence: "Algeria is a good example of a developed country rapidly becoming underdeveloped. The structure for building a modern economy is here, but they are letting it fall to pieces." One wonders if he ever got outside of gleaming, modern Algiers: the model cooperatives at Blida, the ex-Borgeaud vineyards or other relatively prosperous enclaves in Algeria's northern tier. Certainly the French left behind an infrastructure that would be the envy of many an "underdeveloped" country: a good road and rail net, a small amount of basic industry, electrification, a telephone system and the radio. But it was an infrastructure designed to service the French settlers who held the best land, all the industry and most of the businesses, and it serves primarily the northern tier, not the interior. The fellahin were miserable under the French, and they are miserable today. The great mass of the Algerian people lives in misery, whether they are underemployed on the farm or unemployed in the cities—practically untouched by that famous "infrastructure"—because of a structural imbalance in the economy which is the heaviest of all the legacies of colonial rule. A small nation where millions live from hand to mouth can hardly be described as a "developed" country.

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"In self-management the reign of freedom is beginning to be realized."

The key to the Algerian economy and its principal source of trouble is the agricultural sector. It is still primarily an agrarian country, with the land now almost entirely in Algerian hands. Forty-six per cent of the land—the most productive, the most highly mechanized, generally in the hands of Europeans before independence and located in the relatively fertile northern plains—makes up the Socialist sector. With six times fewer farmers than the combined private holdings, it accounts for some 60 per cent of production. The rest of the land is in private hands, some in fragmented individual holdings, the larger part the fiefs of Algerian landholders. This is the traditional sector, where wheat is often cut with a scythe and trampled by donkeys circling round a post, where subsistence farming is usual and produce scarcely enters into the market economy at all, except to the local market place for home consumption. Most of these primitive farms lie far from the coast, where markets would often be inaccessible even if the yield were sufficient to take advantage of them. Few in the traditional sector have full-time work, and then it is seldom for more than 100 days a year. A million fellahin families possess no land at all. Wages are pitifully low, even by Algerian standards. And the population grows by three per cent a year.

Ben Bella promised agrarian reform in the traditional sector: it never really came. Boumedienne's planners are working on it. Government officials realize that Algeria cannot hope to have a going economy until her agricultural communities become at least self-sufficient: feeding their people; paying adequate, regular wages; buying their own equipment and fertilizer; and hopefully, building and supporting their own schools and hospitals. Even with unlimited money at their disposal, such a project would be no easy task, given the crippling shortage of cadres in a country that came to independence with practically no professional or managerial class. The colonial administration simply did not care about the fellahin; the Ben Bellas and the Boumediennes say they care. But the peasants have heard too many promises, seen too many millions poured into projects of benefit to the cities while the countryside dies. The fellahin, who made up 80 per cent of the fighting force during the insurrection, see a future as bleak as their past.

Algeria is far from being a Socialist country. And with limited resources and meager cadres it is unlikely to become much more "Socialist" for a long time to come—perhaps in a minor way with the promised agrarian reform, although it is still too early to tell what type of reform is envisaged. The economy is divided into three sectors: privately-owned, "nationalized" (state-administered) and "self-managed." The latter two are loosely termed the Socialist sector (20 per cent of industry, 46 per cent of farmlands), but it is self-management (autogestion) that is considered the best hope for economic democracy and growth. Under this system, management of many farms and small factories, for the most part taken over from departing French settlers, was confided, in theory, to the workers themselves. The instruments of this "workers' control of the means of production" were, in each enterprise, a general assembly of permanent workers and a workers' council, elected by the assembly, as well as a president and an elected "management committee" to oversee the enterprise. A director, technically qualified, was to manage the enterprise, making the day-to-day decisions according to guidelines laid down by the workers' organisms and subject to their review. Frequently modifications were made in this basic form, depending on the type, size and dispersion of the enterprise, how well it was working and whether it was self-supporting or required government assistance and control. Some enterprises converted to self-management with ready and stable markets, capital equipment and experienced cadres: these, by and large, have been successful. They include vineyards, dairy farms, bottle factories, coffee and cooking-oil plants. Others suffered from gross mismanagement, government interference, long delays in wage payments, or difficulties in marketing their products in an economy still largely geared to Capitalist structures. Administration of large areas of the Socialist sector was anarchistic, wasteful, susceptible to speculation, petty thievery and even embezzlement. "Workers' control" proved to be more often a fiction than a fact.

The lack of competent directors and accountants, together with structural economic troubles over which an individual enterprise had no control, led many to believe that self-management had failed, or that in any event, the Algerian worker and peasant were not ready for it. But in the Algiers Charter, adopted at the first FLN party congress in April 1964, and perhaps the key ideological document of the Revolution, the leadership reaffirmed its commitment to self-management, "the principal characteristic in Algeria of the opening toward socialism." The Charter went further: "Self-management is the very principle itself of that future society for which the present battles are preparing us. It embraces the end of exploitation; the understanding by each worker of the meaning of his activity, for the economic function and the political function become inseparable; and the direct interest of the producer in his production, in other words the very contrary of the salary system. In self-management the reign of freedom is beginning to be realized."

Despite difficulties, it is the model to which advocates of self-management always point. It is what the ideologues of the Revolution hope all Algeria will be like . . . some

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day. A closer look at one such cooperative tells something of their future prospects.

THE ABANE RAMDANE PEOPLE'S ENTERPRISE is a building cooperative, named after one of the nine "historic chiefs" of the Revolution. It is located in the town of Fort National, high in the mountains of Kabylia, stronghold of the insurrection and scene of the bitterest battles of the war. It is far removed from the ideologues in Algiers, or the planners with their diagrams, or the cynics who say nothing works unless it is based on human fear and greed. The Abane Ramdane People's Enterprise is not on the list of model cooperatives to which the Information Ministry might direct you; nor can it be called "typical," for cooperatives vary so enormously it would take the most ingenious of social scientists to isolate the "type." It is simply *a* cooperative, with a few stunning successes, some serious difficulties and for all of that, faith in its future. A study of its short history may bring to light some of the problems of building an embryonic socialism in a poor country only just emerged from a long colonial past.

It started in early 1963, from scratch, in an old French Army barracks at Fort National, when 70 reasonably skilled workers—plumbers, masons, electricians, carpenters, mechanics—banded together in their mutual interest to work collectively. Initial capital was $1,400, an investment of $20 from each of the 70 members of the cooperative. The Defense Ministry donated the barracks, but otherwise there were no government subsidies in the first few months, and practically no equipment. One of their first projects was rebuilding a school burnt out during the war, located on a winding path one kilometer out of town. They worked Sundays without pay and put in unpaid overtime the other days so as not to exceed their limited budget, even carrying sand, stones, water and cement on their backs to the construction site. Then in December 1963, they received a contract to build a water conduit to Fort National from Michelet, 20 kilometers away, and they began to prosper. The state sent advances every month through the hydraulic administration for building the conduit, and through the city hall for school construction. The prefecture of Tizi-Ouzou donated three trucks, two cement mixers and an air compressor. The cooperative itself purchased a heavy truck, a pickup, an auto, a cement block machine, two air compressors and a bulldozer. They built nine primary schools under contract from the prefecture, seven of these in villages of one or two thousand inhabitants where no school had existed before; in the past, children had either walked many miles to school or more often, had not gone to school at all. Mules carried materials to remote villages in the Djurdjura mountains. Skilled workmen came from the cooperative; laborers were recruited at the site. They built not only schools but about 20 unpaved roads to villages where only trails had existed before. It frequently became a community project, as villagers pitched in and worked for little or no pay. Electric facilities, damaged during the war in five mountain villages, were repaired, and sewage disposal systems installed. At Fort National, the cooperative built a secondary school, with boarding facilities for mountain children.

The cooperative was formed before the full implementation of the "Decrees of March" (1963), which provided for nationalization of certain enterprises, gave structure to the "vacant properties" (*biens vacants*) already taken over by Algerian workers and peasants, and set forth the theory of self-management. The 70 members of the cooperative took the general guidelines and improvised. They formed a general workers' assembly. A "committee of nine" elected by the assembly then voted in secret for a president to manage the enterprise and a treasurer to keep the books: both full members of the cooperative. The committee of nine had the authority to oversee operations and if things were not going well, to dismiss the president or treasurer. On December 31 of each year, the assembly was to meet to review the year's activity, and if the cooperative showed a profit, to distribute part to the members and reinvest the remainder in the enterprise.

It was a nice idea, but as the members quickly discovered, it did not work. A member explained: "It was a matter of 'You'll be president because you're a good-looking guy, and you'll be treasurer because you're a serious fellow.' We had become too big for the kind of careless administration we were getting." Seven months after its birth, the Abane Ramdane People's Enterprise was reorganized. The assembly still elected a committee of nine, and in theory at least, the committee still supervised the working of the cooperative. But management was now entrusted to a qualified director. Under him were a technical chief (to direct operations) and an administrative chief (to keep the books and handle recruitment, payment and social security and family allocations of employes). It was further decided to reduce the year-end profit distribution and increase salaries immediately. "If a worker's son falls ill," said one member, "he cannot wait until the end of the year, and we figured a salary raise was more just. Still, if there is a profit after our expenditures for capital equipment, the members will get a year-end bonus."

The cooperative survived its difficult early stages almost through sheer enthusiasm. Its members refused to be intimidated by their conscious lack of experience, but jumped in feet first, made mistakes and, with what must be an Algerian national gift for improvisation, corrected them. They soon realized, however, that improvisation was not enough, and sought technical expertise. Three members did six months' training as construction foremen at Tizi-Ouzou; two others went to an accountancy school in Algiers sponsored by the UGTA trade union confederation. The cooperative contributed part of the tuition. A professional economist, who became director

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"After 130 years of colonial domination, our hearts have become bourgeois."

of the larger Tizi-Rachid cooperative, visited the cooperative at Fort National from time to time to give advice. Each Friday, a representative attended a working meeting of all cooperatives in the region at the prefecture of Tizi-Ouzou to present requests, receive guidance and work out common problems.

At the peak of the cooperative's prosperity it employed some 300 workers, including the 70 members. A worker, even unskilled, could become a member and "stockholder" after remaining six months in the cooperative. Workers were placed into categories depending on their degree of skill, regardless of whether they were members of the cooperative. There were three categories of masons, for example, and the most experienced received more pay. "It would be unjust," said a member, "if a poor mason who happened to be a 'stockholder' received more money than a good mason who was not." The members do enjoy advantages, however: stable employment, seniority, social benefits, the year-end bonus and a voice in management. At the beginning, every skilled workman earned $65 a month, ordinary laborers quite a bit less. Today a mason earns an average wage of $95—good for Algeria—and a laborer 25 cents an hour. "We want to increase salaries so that a laborer makes $65 a month clear, after all deductions, and a mason $115," said a cooperative official. "Working for a private contractor, a mason can earn $4 to $6 a day, which is a bit more than we can pay at present, although he lacks the social allocations our workers have."

The same official, a man of perhaps 30, talked at length about the relationship between the cooperative and the private sector: "Our principal goal is, frankly, to eliminate the private sector. But it is a very hard task, and one we could hardly accomplish, at the present state, without aid from the government. This is not only direct aid, but also a system of preferential treatment, where the state gives the cooperatives priority over private entrepreneurs in awarding contracts. Even so, at first we had a lot of trouble with the private sector; to pass from the old methods to radically new ones requires a great deal of will. After 130 years of colonial domination, our hearts have become bourgeois, rotten. Frankly, it is quite a job to show people that socialism is what will save Algeria. It is difficult to make them understand. At the beginning we even had members of the cooperative who resigned to work for private entrepreneurs, but who have returned to us since. And we have had masons with regular work in the private sector who accepted a wage cut to work for the cooperative. But it is more than social benefits that makes them want to work for us. I think it is partly that here, a man can work in dignity, as his own master. In the private sector if a man's daily production drops, the boss tells him, 'Look, old boy, either do a day's work or I'll have to let you go.' But here we have no bosses in the Capitalist sense of the word. We are all workers ourselves, so we understand them. We know that if production drops there has to be a reason; maybe the man is sick, or his son is in trouble with the law. We believe in treating each other like men, not like machines. We have a Spaniard who works here as a member of the cooperative, a draftsman. Not long ago he married a Kabyle girl, and since he is young and didn't have any money saved, the cooperative helped him out with some money and painted their apartment. Practically the whole cooperative was there at his wedding. You see, when you are with the cooperative you are not alone.

"If we do well, and more and more workers enter the cooperative system, we can begin community projects unheard of in the old days, to make our community so vital and interesting that no one will want to leave: a library, a recreation center, adult education workshops, musical instruments for our children, and that is only the beginning. And we can participate in more projects like the International Youth Workshop at Ouadhias, where 20 volunteers from the cooperative worked side by side with workers from Russia, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Jugoslavia to rebuild an area of Kabylia devastated by the war. If the whole community will only work together, there is no problem, and I mean *no* problem, that we cannot eventually solve."

That quite a few members of the cooperative can have such faith is all the more remarkable in the light of long delays in wage payments from the state, sometimes as long as three months. Unpaid workers become discouraged, and production drops accordingly. Cooperative officials say that if payments continue to be delayed they will be obliged to halt work on a number of projects to cut expenses. Without funds to operate, the best of plans fail; and the absence of a minimum reward erodes the will of ordinary men to make sacrifices for a vague and distant better life.

FOR BEN BELLA, the vision of a new society—workers' control of the means of production in an egalitarian workers' state—was a kind of yardstick against which all actions of the government should be measured. To paraphrase the Algiers Charter, it gives direction to all we undertake; if circumstances force us to slow down the march toward a new society, we must never forget that this is a transitory phase, to be crossed as soon as we are ready; we must never allow a bureaucracy, desirous of maintaining its prerogatives, to stabilize an undesirable temporary situa-

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tion and halt the march to socialism at the half-way mark.

By early 1965, critics within the Party were already reproaching Ben Bella for acting too empirically. They urged continued flexibility in economic policy, but felt that a political body should establish a coherent, long-range economic plan and supervise its execution. Concerned that the ideological direction of the Revolution might be lost, they reproached Ben Bella for deviating from his principles; they reproached Boumedienne for going so far as to make a principle of the deviation. But the new regime is young, and it is still much too early to tell. In any case it seems to be a dispute about methods, not fundamental beliefs. As a government spokesman declared last August: "Some have believed that the 19th of June meant a return to liberalism, a feeling both l'Aurore (a French rightwing newspaper) and l'Humanité (organ of the French Communist Party) seemed to share. But that is false. The 19th of June changed the style and the methods but not the objective." Judging from his history and the early statements of his regime, and until he gives proof to the contrary, Boumedienne must be considered as "Socialist" as his predecessor.

Even so, they differ markedly in their theories of Revolution. Like the Cubans, Ben Bella and his leftist advisors envisaged a two-stage revolution: a war of liberation, followed by the building of a Socialist state. For them, the participants in the first struggle, however heroic, were not necessarily the best qualified to lead the second; and trained Marxists, often members of the banned Algerian Communist Party but integrated into the FLN, were especially cut out for the role of avant-garde. For them, the second stage began with the Decrees of March in 1963. Boumedienne's team, on the other hand, saw the Revolution as continuous, in steady development since 1954. They resented the influence of Ben Bella's brain-trust, many of them foreigners. Belkacem Cherif, leader of the reorganized FLN, called them "those strange professors who, incapable of making a revolution in their own countries, pretended to make it here, according to schemas that have nothing to do with Algeria." The "strange professors," as well as some Algerian Marxists who had played major roles in drawing up the Decrees of March and the Algiers Charter, found themselves without influence after June 19th. The change is in line with the more "national," more specifically Algerian approach exemplified in the foreign policy of the new regime.

It remains to be seen if the changes are drastic enough to be reflected eventually as a qualitative change in ideology. Boumedienne still declares that power must reside in the revolutionary trinity: workers, peasants and revolutionary intellectuals. But for the new team, an Algerian Communist who waited until 1961 to support the FLN is less of a "revolutionary intellectual" than an imam (Islamic religious official) who distributed tracts and munitions throughout the insurrection. Ideological purity is no longer a good enough credential; technical expertise and a long history of militancy are now considered better criteria for leadership, leaving the gates open to men of various political persuasions to accede to positions of power. There is the danger, critics fear, that a bureaucratic and professional elite, which was beginning to constitute a privileged class even under Ben Bella, might become so entrenched and powerful, so independent of the ideological hold of the Party as to compromise the fundamental options of the Revolution.

The dilemma of how to rule effectively without a strong, centralized authority, and how to have centralization without the development of a ruling caste, has plagued all socially conscious governments; it is the dilemma of representivity, and it rarely, if ever, has been satisfactorily resolved. The Algerian ideologues attempted to solve it with a mystification called "democratic centralism," in which the State would exert a certain centralized authority over institutions of the economy and government, while the single Party, defined as a revolutionary avant-garde, springing from the mass of workers and peasants, would set the guidelines for government policy, and scrutinize State operations at all levels to ensure that the interests of the masses were being served. In addition, self-managed enterprises would govern themselves, subject to the higher interest of larger collectivities: district, province and nation. The structures were indeed democratic; elections did take place in the self-managed sector and at all levels of the Party. The fact that the structures were usually taken over by elites and rendered undemocratic—as they are in the United States and practically everywhere else—proves only that Algerians are, after all, human. To expect the Algerians to have learned more in three years than we have in 175 would seem something less than fair.

For Ben Bella, democratic centralism meant creating separate Party structures to parallel those of the State. Often it was hard to tell who had the authority in a given locality, the prefect or the Party chief. The result was a good deal of duplication, waste and, over large areas of the administration, anarchy. One of Boumedienne's first steps was to put this house in order again—by re-establishing the central authority of the State and its agents, the prefects; by putting the Party in its place as a "revolutionary avant-garde," not a parallel government.

Boumedienne insists he intends to follow the basic texts of the Revolution, from the Soumamm Platform of 1956 to the Tripoli Program of 1962, the Decrees of March and the Algiers Charter. As with Marx or the Bible, one can find in the ensemble of these texts authority to do practically anything one wants. But it would be hasty at this point to call Boumedienne a "revisionist." However drastic the change of method, however general the purge of avowed Marxists from leadership positions, he has yet to raise serious doubts about his commitment to Algeria's "Socialist option."

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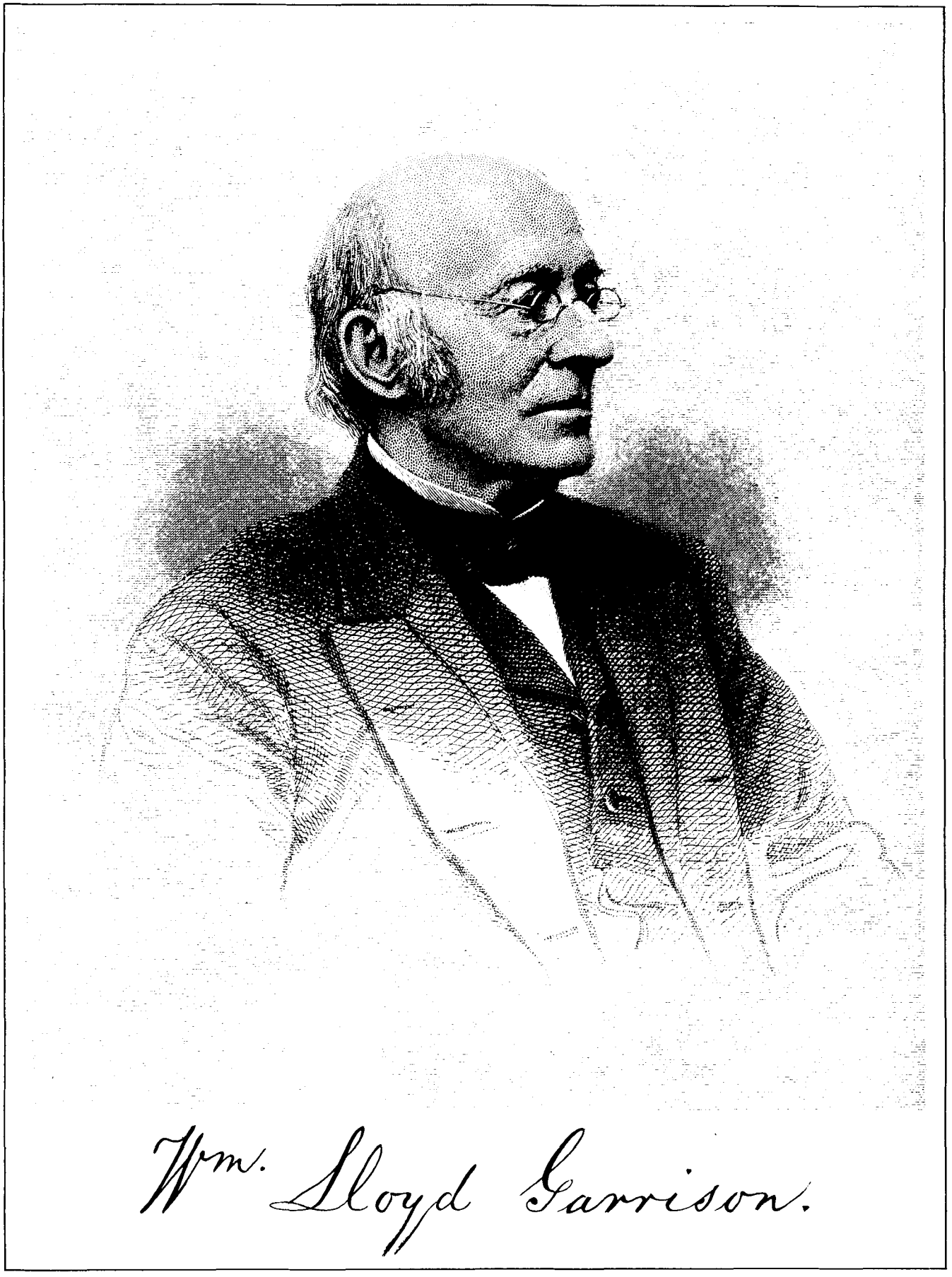

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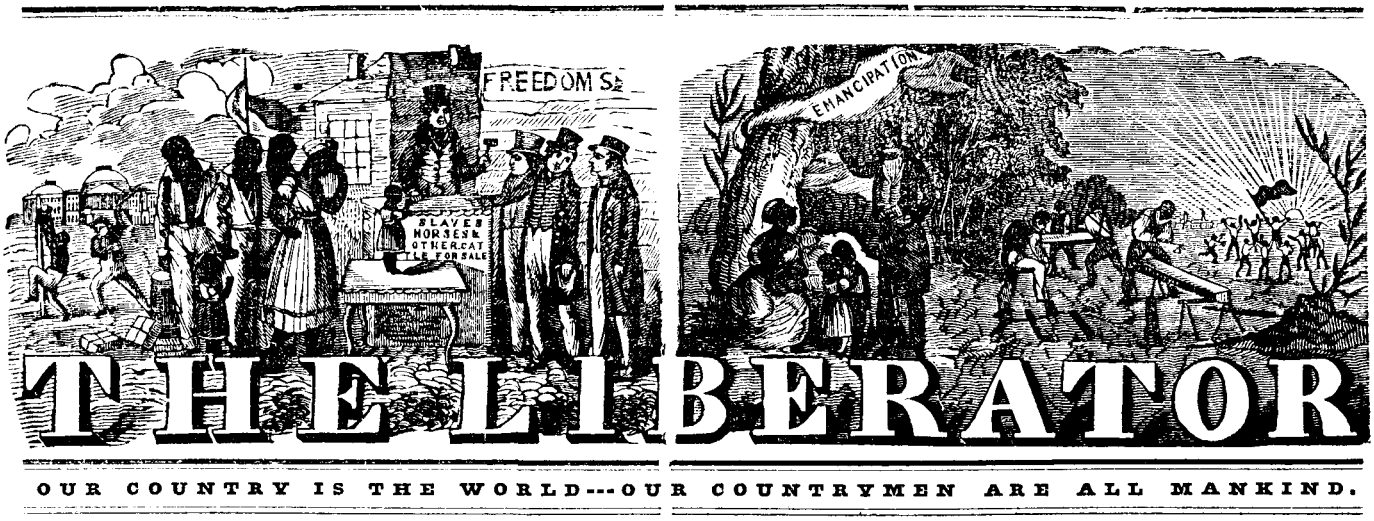

by Truman Nelson

When Garrison issued the first number of the Liberator on Saturday, January 1, 1831, he flung into the consciousness of his countrymen an assertion so grandiose, so fixed and tempered with the personal certainties of a self-fulfilling prophet, that only the historical Jesus Christ can serve as a comparison figure for him. He was going to destroy a going economic system, a political institution and way of life, thought and belief so deeply rooted in the national character that it is still (unanswerably) predominant.

And he was going to do all this with the *word*, "through the foolishness of preaching" as he called it, and with the methodology now referred to as "nonviolent, direct action" which he virtually invented. His forces were to be the slaves, who had no arms, no communication with one another, and who could scarcely get out from under the master's lash long enough to pray: the free Negro, at that time even more ineffectual, despised and rejected than the usable toiler in chains, and the American woman. This last was perhaps the most hopeless and stateless of the three, not really knowing her own plight but feeling her frustration and slavery in oblique ways.

Over and over again Garrison used the innocence, the vulnerability and the moral power of women. They acted with such devotion and fearlessness in the early stages of his thirty-five year struggle that he had no doubts that they would help him transform the world. They supplied, more than any other group, the funds to carry on, although the first years of the Liberator were almost entirely supported by free Negroes. But the women kept warm the kitchen of the cause; they fed it through all the leanness and downright attrition of the unquiet years.

The slave and the free Negro knew there was "something in it" for him; the woman learned, after a while, that she also could be transformed. This was Garrison's great message and promise: that he had the transformation factor; that he could give renewal. A highly perceptive disciple, Maria Weston Chapman, put it this way: "It has been objected, in the past years, that our power to effect any change was so *little*, that it was absurd to exercise it. It is now objected that our power is so *great*, that it is dangerous to exercise it. That the slaveholders will be angry—and what will we have then—disunion, division of the church, civil war, etc., etc. We reply, there is something of more consequence than man's impotent wrath. The revealed command to 'come out on the Lord's side' must be obeyed, and the civil war, disunion, and division of the churches are left at His Almighty disposal. We sometimes, but not often, hear it said—it is such an odd, unladylike thing to do. We concede that the human soul, in the full exercise of its most Godlike power of self-denial and exertion for the good of others, is emphatically, a very unladylike thing. We have never heard of this objection but from the sort of woman who is dead while she lives, or to be pitied as the victim of domestic tyranny. The woman who makes it is generally one who has struggled

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from childhood to womanhood through a process of spiritual suffocation."

Garrison's treatment of the Negroes was slightly different: he did not think so much of freeing them as of getting back for them the freedom they had already earned and were defrauded of after the Revolution. His major attack was based on the revolutionary contradictions inherent in the whole canon of the American statement of purpose. Wendell Phillips said the antislavery cause owed its ultimate success, if you want to call it that, to Garrison's forgetting that he was white; and because he could look on the great questions posed by the church and state as a Negro looked on them. Usually when he talked about race, he said *our race*, i.e., the human race. "In the name of God, who made us of one blood, I demand the immediate emancipation of all those who are pining on American soil. I make this demand not for the children merely, but for the parents also, not for one, but for all, not with restrictions and limitations, but unconditionally. I assert their perfect equality with me, and not until by a formal vote, the people repudiate the Declaration of Independence and brand Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Hancock as fanatics, and place themselves in a position of colonial subserviency to Great Britain, will I even bother to argue the question of whether the slaves have the rights of citizens as fully as any white born in New England."

[*their Christianity, their Liberty and Justice for all*]

THIS WAS HIS WHOLE argument, his whole life, beautifully simple, beautifully ethical and, in the long run, the only possible solution to the American Dilemma. Yet he had to wake up every morning for thirty-five years and feel in a rage about it and raise it over again for a nation so blind, and a people so dehumanized that it took a bloody war to resolve it. If he could only have gotten people to change roles, to change their skins inwardly long enough to look around them and see what frauds they were with their Christianity, their Liberty and Justice for all.

"Suppose," he said in 1839, "that by some miracle, the slaves should suddenly become white. Would you shut your eyes upon their sufferings, and calmly talk of Constitutional limitations? No, your voice would peal in the ears of the taskmasters like deep thunder: you would carry the Constitution by force, if it could not be taken by treaty; patriotic assemblies would congregate at the corners of every street; the old Cradle of Liberty would rock to a deeper tone than ever echoed therein at British aggression; the pulpit would acquire new and unusual eloquence from our holy religion. The argument, that these white slaves are degraded, would not then obtain. You would say, it is enough that they are white, and in bondage, and they ought immediately to be set free. You would multiply your schools of instruction, and your temples of worship, and rely on them for security . . ."

But how then, did Garrison himself become "black," in the terms of this total commitment? He was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, December 12, 1804. His father was a sea captain and a drunkard and abandoned his wife and three small children when Garrison was less than three. Garrison's sense of woman's capacity for self-reliance must have developed here, for his mother, in utter poverty, went to work as a nurse and a shoeworker. Both occupations were shifting and precarious, and she had to keep the children farmed out to relatives, themselves so poor that it was Garrison's ignoble task to carry table scraps home in a tin pail from the charitable back door of a Newburyport mansion. He got to know early about subsisting on back door handouts and about being "placed" with families so near to chronic hunger themselves that they would watch sourly every mouthful the little stranger put in his mouth. He learned about the dreary chores and odd jobs, usually as hard to get as to do, with which he had to justify his child's existence at the table and under the roof. He learned to read and write between chores and had a few years in grammar school, up to the age of thirteen.

At nine he had to learn to make shoes and work at it, in Lynn. At ten he went with his mother to Baltimore, to work at odd jobs and pull his weight in the family. At eleven he had to go on his own back to Newburyport, to "finish his schooling": really to earn his keep in another poverty-stricken family, a trifle better off than his mother in Baltimore. He was then taken on as a cabinet maker's apprentice in Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he existed under bonds of legal slavery and from which he planned and executed an escape as desperate as any chattel slave, was caught, brought back and given a grudging quittance from a nine-year unpaid bondage. Then it was much harder for his mother to "place" this boy in some decent proximity to a table and a bed, but he had a stroke of luck at last and got apprenticed in a newspaper office. He was now fourteen and fate had decided to settle with him with reasonable alacrity. His hands took at once to the manipulation of type: he was a born mechanic and before long became one of the fastest compositors in the trade.

[*the devil in the plump, wholesome, democratic, American flesh*]

THERE WAS A NATURAL development from setter to writer and editor; the roles were not artificially separated then. He could set type as fast as he could talk or write and from then on he set, edited and wrote little newspapers of a humanitarian bent with a degree of skill and sagacity which allowed him, finally, to take on the Liberator with a concentration on content like a piano virtuoso whose battles with digital technique have already been fought and won. And the content was, of course, the racist exceptionalism underlying American life; what he came to feel was the devil in

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the plump, wholesome, democratic American flesh and that he, with a touch of his worker's hand on the composing table, could exorcise, forever.

It is a little sad to think of this man of twenty-four feeling the impact of this great wrong, and thinking, because of his rearing in the Baptist faith, that all he had to do was to call it to the attention of his Christian country with clarity and power and then there would be instantaneous mass conversions, as in a revival. There would be a great awakening, and the people would see light, as he had, in a sudden revelation of their sin toward their brother. He had undergone this conversion from accepting the idea of gradual emancipation to the awareness that gradualism was in itself a sin. As the years passed he felt more and more right about this. "Eight years have passed away. During that period, not less than four hundred thousand slaves have been emancipated by death, and their places supplied by more than half a million of new victims. Is this not a long time for preparation? But who are better prepared now for liberty than they were eight years ago. None! And we seriously ask, has not the experience of two centuries shown that gradualism in theory is perpetuity in practice? Is there an instance, in the history of the world, where slaves have been educated for freedom by their taskmasters? But if by any management or contrivance—such an event had happened, or such scholastic treatment had been successfully given, still our cry would continue to be for immediate and unconditional emancipation; because to predict a right to enslave men upon their ignorance, much more upon the complexion of their skin, is absurd, inhuman, monstrous. If the lapse of two hundred years be not sufficient to meet the claims of gradualism (the rights of man out of the question), no quarter should longer be given to it by any friend of God or man."

[*Garrison was the last great evangelist*]

THIS "IMMEDIATISM" became his trademark, but instead of igniting a searing flash of revelation in the hearts and minds of his fellow citizens and Christians, the response was that he was trying to plunge the South into a blood bath and destruction . . . that if the slaves were freed, they "would rise and cut their masters' throats." The power of the fear came with the unspoken acknowledgment that the slaves had a moral right to do this, in response to the treatment meted out to them, and that this is what white Americans would do under the same circumstances.

To offset this he had to retreat a little from the Declaration of Independence and put forward the Sermon on the Mount, and so he was whipsawed between these positions for the next thirty-five years, trying desperately to combine them, or reconcile them—a process that had his own nature fluctuating wildly between these extremes, between red-shotted darkness and chaos, and a calm, pure effusion of heavenly light. But he was one of the men of the world who have to try to transform humanity without the use of force. This was his true center of gravity and his attempt to abolish one of America's oldest institutions, racism, in terms of moral suasion, forced him to an ideological eminence unsurpassed in the western world.

In a way, Garrison was the last great evangelist and a great Christian in the word's true sense: he demanded that all who called themselves Christian, should literally live like Christ. He would not let them wallow in the unforgivable sin of racism and human exploitation and slaughter. He wanted to convert them, to make them *say* they were sinning against their brother. He imitated the function of Jesus in stirring up strife, in evoking reaction and hostility, in driving himself toward martyrdom. The Abolitionist Revolution thus brought forth a New and an Old Testament prophet—Garrison, and John Brown.

When people complained about his harshness of language, he really could not understand why. Compared to some of the regular fare offered by the orthodox preachers, condemning everyone in the congregation to eternal damnation for some doctrinal fault, some variation of belief, for which they would be burned, pinched by red hot tongs, and this for eternity, he was quite mild.

The rub was that he was talking about a real sin, a clear and present sin, a sin as tangible as sweaty chains and bloody backs: a sin, moreover, that could be redeemed quite easily, a sin with money value on it which a little hard cash could expiate. So his ministry and prophecy were of embarrassing reality in the world of pain and wrong.

The most persistent and logical protests against his harsh language came from the Unitarians, the fixed liberals of their day. Their clergymen realized uneasily that the sense of sin Garrison was invoking was not the Calvinist doctrine and dogmatism that their humanism must resist, but true sin coming with consistent cruelty from one human toward another, and having nothing to do with intellect, education and surface gentility. He made the Unitarians face what their theology virtually denied, that educated, ethically cultivated people can act with cruelty every day, and what is more, can allow it to become institutionalized.

[*love God, and man in His image, or He will kill you*]

THE TRUE, SAD SPLENDOR of Garrison's vision of man was that he felt that every revolutionary program he offered had an excellent chance of being adopted by the millions; by everyone who called himself a Christian. He asked no more of anyone than that he accept the moral system of the Prophet Jesus. He was always unhappy, and often physically sick during the times when his ideas took great leaps forward, bringing the inevitable alienation and misunderstanding. And he was unhappy when he had to create mobs (actually he invented the moral mob of the passive resistants) and

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to use mass hostility against himself to publicize some segment of advance being pointedly ignored. In the end he always surmounted this alienation and the enemies he deliberately created, but it took a terrible toll from him.

As the years passed and he began to realize that his program of moral suasion would not be allowed to work except through the persuasion of terror, his terrible pendulum-like swinging between the extremes of love and hate increased. His problem was how to work on the white South's fear of upheaval, to keep threatening it by predicting it without ever having to go through with it. It reduced him to the absurdity of saying in effect, Love God and man in His image or He will kill you.

But it was the daily confrontation of this ambiguity that made Garrison the most seminal of American thinkers and the Liberator the most fascinating historical document of its time. The tensions it tried to solve, the push and pull between moral suasion and denunciation between violence and nonviolence, brought to its pages every expression of political, religious, philosophical, societal and revolutionary utterance erupting in the golden age of the American Renaissance, the forcing ground of Emerson, Melville, Whitman, Thoreau and even Hawthorne, who was not above reading it, while Thoreau's family were regular subscribers.

[*My Country is the World, My Countrymen Mankind*]

THERE IS NO QUESTION that the period of 1861 to 1865 was our richest in the expression of the great emancipatory ideas and the only one in which a clear trajectory of a profound moral cause can be seen in its relationship to all other factors in national life. What makes the Liberator unique is that it presents on one hand the mind of a prophetical genius whose vision of universal peace and love remains yet unattained, if not unattainable, and on the other repeats every position taken by his detractors. People, glancing through a few copies and being struck by some marvelous thrust of invective and truth, hitting and demolishing whole edifices like a battering ram, think, this is great, but how can you go on like this? Once it is said, that's it, and how could this man go on like this for thirty-five years? In a total, roughly, of 7,080 pages!

He was able to because he made it—as it was subtitled—*The Spirit of the Age*. It began with the Nat Turner Insurrection, anticipated and fortified the Transcendental upheaval against the established church, published more material on the Utopian Colonies of the early 1840's than any other periodical, reflected with favor the turbulence of the labor movement beginning to coalesce under the pressures of the early depressions, smoldered fitfully in the hot winds from the Texas, Manifest-Destiny expansions, and rose to a great climax with the entrance of the towering figure of John Brown, attacking the national sin of slavery with the cold ferocity of the Prophet Samuel hewing Agag to pieces before the Altar of God.

And he was a world man. The motto on his paper was *My Country Is the World, My Countrymen Mankind*. He felt the salt in the air as the rough tides of the European revolutions came hurling on the shores of the Americas, bringing the foamy, salty effervescence of other people nobly daring to be free. The nationalistic divisions of language and culture were becoming as fluid as these tides. "The whole firmament," he exulted, "is tremulous with light!"

It was out of this revolutionary matrix that he was able to make William Lloyd Garrison, an unemployed printer with hardly a scrap of formal education, just out of jail for committing the greatest sin in his occupation (inciting a successful action for libel against his paper), with no family or political connections, and no money whatsoever and with his social status described by one of the Boston clergy as that of a "low-lived, ignorant, insignificant mechanic, connected with no church and responsible to nobody"—the incarnation of the greatest moral crusade this country has ever known.

How did he do this? With acts, with nonviolent, direct actions from principle. He did irrevocable deeds—deeds the establishment had to deal with or lose face—public acts of defiance which had to be utterly ignored or punished with a finality which would prevent repetition. He performed this brilliantly on a stage where the establishment could do neither. They had to enter, publicly, and attack him head on, and with the built-in futility which comes out of all attacks on passive resistance, so that he always won the right to fight another day. This is the organic pacifist tactic. Perhaps there were too many other days in the next thirty-five years. This long, slow building of the perfectibility of man usually becomes the perfectibility of *me*! Wendell Phillips once said, "My friends, if we never free a slave, we have at least freed ourselves in the effort to emancipate our fellow man."

[*And how he bled!*]

YET GARRISON was never doctrinaire about this; some of his most ardent supporters, including Phillips, were not pacifists, and they stayed with him over the years, taking his judgment as final on most controverted points. He had a clever way of absolving his followers from his more extreme position. He would say this or that form of cooperation with government was "sin for *me*" and thus save them from associative guilt. Phillips well realized the skill with which Garrison let his individuality bear the brunt of counter-attack, saying, "Saints do not march in regiments, and martyrs do not travel in battalions; they come along once in an age. You cannot create an anti-slavery sentiment so durable, so unrelenting, so vigilant that the government cannot outwit and undermine it. Consequently the only way you can save the slave is to arrange political circumstances so that there will be no such government in existence."

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Recalcitrant slave punished by cold water treatment

Barbarity committed on a free African, who was found on the ensuing morning, by the side of the road, dead!

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Certainly, *someone* arranged the United States government of 1776-1862 out of existence. Perhaps Garrison did do it. Lincoln said of the emancipation which completely altered the major compromise of the Constitution, "The logic and moral power of Garrison and the Anti-Slavery people of the country and the army, have done it all." Garrison today is denied both logic and moral power. His exaggerations, his high poetry, his inability to adjust to political expediencies, have created a current judgment that he stated the obvious at the top of his voice too many years and too repetitively to be taken seriously as a major prophet. But this fearsome energy, this keeping up of the demonic clang of dissent, is in itself a form of genius. Men as uncomfortable to be with as Garrison offer only two solutions; you have to suppress them, or you have to take away the logic of their arguments.

If you cannot do either, they will come at you with their arrogance, their humorless impatience, all the annoying traits that are the mint marks of the prophet and the revolutionary and which give them their creative tension; which are the frets that keep them on tune. They come at you, saying self-righteously, we cannot suffer fools gladly, and their anger against you is usually correct.

Sooner or later, if the hammering is kept up long enough, they develop a metallic essense so pure, of such moral density, that it drops like a plumb line into the consciousness of all those around, probing the unmeasured depths of reality. And if they find a wound there, they also bleed, and get a whole nation to bleed with them.

Garrison's raging reality, his open wound, his flowing blood, came from a single source: his hatred of racism. His catechism was simple: Negroes were enslaved, hated, feared and dehumanized "because they were black." And how he bled! This creativity, pouring out of his anguish over what was happening to somebody else, was proof to his followers that the fullest renewal, the sweetest redemption, the most resurgent euphoria, comes out of the revolutionary experience, whether on the humble scale of defending some remote incident of chaos and change, or participating in a revolutionary event with the majestic and solemn fervor of a John Milton.

[*hell hath no fury like the moderate scorned*]

HIS FIRST ASSAULT on the slave power was to print, while working in Baltimore for Lundy, a gradualist abolitionist, a libel on a fellow townsman of his in Newburyport, Massachusetts. This was one Francis Todd, who, like many other New Englanders, used his ships to transport slaves along the coast. Garrison attacked the hypocrisy of the North which claimed to have washed its hands of slavery, although it was obvious that the difference between the criminal foreign slave trade and the lawful domestic one was minor, and in some instances, the latter was worse. Todd got a judgment against him, Garrison was imprisoned in Baltimore, gaining the trust of the free Negroes of Boston and actually of the whole North, as the first white man to put his body on the line for them. His blunt attack on Northern racism, the subtle and demoralizing forms of segregation which are not supported by law but which rot out all hope of participating in simple human advance, reads truly and well today. It was the free Negroes who gave him money and support to start the Liberator. This certainly was an effective beginning for a nonviolent, direct action movement. His next step sent the pendulum in the other direction. The Boston Negroes had a hero and martyr named David Walker who had published, from an obscure old clothes shop on Brattle Street, a pamphlet calling for the slaves to insurrect and kill their masters, whenever there was a chance that they could win. Garrison's subscribers or sustainers insisted that he comment on it. He could not say it was bad, naturally, for Walker had been mysteriously killed on the Boston streets a year before, and the rumor was that he was assassinated by Southerners. He had "depreciated its spirit" but thought it "one of the most remarkable productions of the age."

Finally, he had it reviewed at length by a sympathetic associate, with all its revolutionary incitements and exhortations in full view and put with a tolerance and skill just short of open advocacy. Shortly after this, perhaps because of this, he was invited to address a Convention of Free People of Color in Philadelphia. He said there what few or no whites had said before: "I never rise to address a colored audience without feeling ashamed of my own color, ashamed of being identified with a race of men who have done you so much injustice and who yet retain so large a portion of your brothers in servile chains." He went on from there to offer them his whole life and work, pledged to give the slaveholders and their apologists as much uneasiness as possible and along with this threat of incitement, developed the linkage of the Negro cause with the contemporary French, Polish and Belgian uprising.

So it was not at all strange that when Nat Turner, only two months later, led a slave revolt in Southampton, Virginia, in which some sixty white men, women and children were killed, Garrison was blamed for inciting it, in the national press. An "adjustable" man would have been crushed by this and have run for cover, but Garrison kept the pot boiling by replying to the press attacks so vigorously that people thought more than ever that his protestations of pacifism were some form of revolutionary duplicity. He had the genius to use this excitement, and the curiosity aroused over his presence and personality, to hold the first organizational meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, the first in the United States. He turned an unforeseen disaster, which could have been the utter extinction of his value as a reformer, into a triumph, saying simply, "If you free them they will have no reason to insurrect." This meeting of attack with more agitation became the basis of his method. Every advance he made for the cause came out of some awful turmoil and up-

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heaval, usually instigated by him, which raised the accursed question so starkly that people of conscience felt a compulsion to join a man who made himself so humanly vulnerable in attempting to make a settlement.

Then he had an agonizing near miss; the terror evoked by the Negroes in revolt, brought on a great debate in the Virginia legislature. The discussions out-Garrisoned Garrison in their frankness about the institution that was bedeviling them, and then ended, as Garrison predicted they would, in a decision to get rid of the free blacks and suppress the slaves with the power and finality of the methods used in Hitler Germany. Garrison published the counter-revolutionary plan of the chief architect of the post-Turner South, Watkins Leigh, which worked, up to the John Brown raid.

In the North, the slaveholders' counter-revolution was carried on under liberal auspices—the American Colonization Society. This was, on the surface, a gradualist emancipatory organization which proposed to purchase slaves and ship them, along with free Negroes, back to Africa. For a time, before Nat Turner, Garrison had been a member, but now his contact with free Negroes taught him that the Colonization Society prejudiced whites against free Negroes by their insistence that the Negroes' "incurable degradation" would never allow them to enter the main stream of American life. He levelled an attack against the Colonizationists from which they never recovered. By doing this (hell hath no fury like the moderate scorned), he incited the thirty-years' war against him, the mobbings, the slurs, the shutting out from the churches and meeting places: the most fanatical opposition came from this! His connection with Nat Turner's bloody revolution left him virtually unscathed. Southern legislatures had put a price of several thousand dollars on his head, an agent of the Colonization Society "put the finger on him" at a public meeting in Salem, but nobody in the North tried to collect. He gingerly toured New England after the Turner upheaval, advocating immediate emancipation, and discovered to his surprise that he could draw large, non-hostile audiences.

His most effective exposé of the basic inhumanity of the Colonizationists came with his crucial encouragement of Prudence Crandall, a young schoolmarm, to open an institution for Negro girls in a small town in Canterbury, Connecticut. Some leading Colonizationists (the same who were insisting that Negroes were too ignorant to remain in the country), met this high-minded attempt to correct this by trying and imprisoning Miss Crandall, passing laws forbidding her family and friends to see her: shops were forbidden to sell her provisions, public transportation would not carry her or her pupils, her house was smeared with excrement, pelted with rotten eggs and stones every night for nearly two years, and finally set on fire. Garrison's angry report of this got him indicted for libel again in Connecticut. He went to England a jump ahead of the sheriff and there attacked the Colonization Society and the United States itself with a fury so outrageously intense it becomes laughable.

He returned home to more mobs, set up a National Anti-Slavery Society, forever agitating, agitating, forever feeding the Word into the fiery furnace of consuming change. His role had become so threatening and so powerful (societies were forming at the rate of one a day) that Harrison Gray Otis and other dignitaries took him to task in Faneuil Hall as actually destroying the basis of the American Revolution itself, or at least the contract between the States that came out of it.

Here Garrison had a sharp warning that his method of moral suasion had to fail in the end. Otis said truly in his speech that no matter how peacefully organized and operated, the Garrisonians constituted a revolutionary society; "it would change the civil policy, it would give political power to those who have none and the dominant power to them in all places where they happen to be a majority of the population." And it was obvious that the women and the Negroes combined, as they were being combined under Garrison, would in fact be the dominant power in a democratic society.

Otis was really saying the situation was impossible, short of violent overthrow. A few days later Garrison was mobbed in the streets of Boston and nearly lost his life. Going away for a while after this, in a state of shock, he began to realize that the change he wanted to see could only come through a complete overturn of the present state, church and society, and that in order to do this peacefully, the minds of men had to be changed. He felt it could be done in the existing context of the Christian philosophy and practice. "Shall we, as Christians, applaud and do homage to human government, or shall we rather lay the ax to the root of the tree and attempt to destroy both cause and consequence together?"

[*leaven in the great lump of inert dough*]

THESE DANGEROUS THOUGHTS were troubling him in 1835, and he had thirty more years to go in his chosen task. There is an awful hopelessness about them, about the society he had to work with. "I believe that society, as it now exists, is radically false in its structure—the embodiment and supremacy of all the selfish passions and at war with the rights and interests of mankind—and as unnatural as it is iniquitous. I believe, moreover (for truth and love must finally prevail throughout the world), that it ought to be *reorganized*, from the foundation to the roof, and must be, before peace and good will can prevail . . . I do not believe, however, that this mighty change is to be effected by any mere external arrangement, or by the adoption of any written creed, however excellent in itself, but by a regeneration of mind and essence of spirit in righteousness which shall turn and overturn all that is oppressive and unjust, until the form of society shall be simple, beautiful, the outward symbol of an inward redemption. But this redemption

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must exhibit itself in a practical manner, and it seems to me must ultimately lead to such an organization . . .

The organization "alluded" to was a little Utopian-Socialist colony in Northampton, Massachusetts, founded by Garrison's brother-in-law, and whose prospectus seemed undeniably drawn up by Garrison himself. But this was not really the organization he chose for his try at universal redemption, but the "Non-Resistant Society," for which he was the founding theoretician and had written the "Declaration of Principles." It was to be a world group. "The interests, rights, liberties of American citizens are not more dear to us than are those of the whole human race." They also expected to "prevail through the foolishness of preaching." This was in 1838 and the following sentiments on civil disobedience should be of interest to all Thoreau worshippers. "We shall submit to every ordinance of man . . . obey all the requirements of Government, *except* such as we deem contrary to the commands of the gospel and in no case resist the operation of law, *except* by meekly submitting to the penalty of disobedience."

The entire left wing of the Anti-Slavery Society, mostly women and Negroes, joined Garrison in this, and as he predicted, it brought about a split with the right wing, the clergy and business men, who had begun to feel that there was now a great political future in antislavery, and that the whole problem was ready to be settled by constitutional prose. The Non-Resistant Society as such did not last long, but its complete merging with the Garrisonian Anti-Slavery Society in a few years, went unnoticed.

The last phase of his struggle was agonizing, bitterly Sophoclean in its intensity and moral grandeur. From the early forties to the fifties, his every appearance was an explosive demonstration against the church and state. He hammered incessantly on the visible contradiction that everything that is condemned in the white Christian morality—adultery, neglect of the Bible and its teaching, and of the Sabbath, kidnapping, rape, theft, a seizing of the private property that is the fruit of man's daily toil—was not only permitted, but encouraged between the master and the slave. In his own person he demonstrated that whereas everyone was urged to follow Christ and be like him, no one could really do this without undergoing the most hateful persecution. The more he kept hammering at these cleavages in the moral universe, the more the rocks of ages fell apart before his astonished eyes.

His stature became towering and obsidian in its imperviousness to attack. His method now was mainly organizational: to hold together by constant, regular meetings and ceremonies his small extremist group, his revolutionary congregation, and have it act as a saving remnant, as leaven in the great lump of inert dough which was the northern American consciousness, until he could somehow penetrate it to the extent that it would stir and throw off its guilty collaboration with slaveholders.

This revolutionary puritanism led him inexorably to his final tactic, Revolutionary Separatism. In 1843 he proclaimed, in the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that conscientious Americans could not longer give their allegiance to slaveholding and racist government, and that a higher allegiance to God, and fidelity to human freedom, "requires that the existing national compact should be instantly dissolved."

He got an amazing number of people to go along with him in this, including women and Negroes, whose involuntary separation from "the Union" already existed (All the women of the Thoreau household signed their names to the formal text of separation).

Three regular and continuing members of the American Anti-Slavery Society protested against this move on the following grounds: "that the abjuration of the Constitution of the United States and the dissolution of the Union, do not seem to us to tend in the slightest degree toward a peaceful abolition of slavery, but rather, to its abolition by force on the part of the free states, thus released from their connection with the South, or by means of a servile insurrection, countenanced and sustained by the North."

This remarkable prophecy of both Gettysburg and Harper's Ferry came from the mind of the Whig historian, Richard Hildreth, one of the signers. The first phase of its fulfillment erupted in the Kansas Wars of 1856 in which the North and South faced one another behind the sights of loaded guns, and in the Fremont Campaign, and in the emergence of Captain John Brown who created a new revolutionary presence by showing at Pottawatomie there was one white man willing to kill another of his race solely for being a partisan of chattel slavery. Out of this ferment and upheaval came distorted, suppressed news of slaves rising in countless frustrated acts of rebellion. How could the Garrisonians now continue to tell black people not to take up arms after they, the pacifists, had failed in their attempt to equalize the struggle by disarming the whites with moral suasion?

[*when John Brown went to the gallows*]

THE STRESS OF THIS DILEMMA broke through to the base of their organization. To condone violence and arms went against the primary doctrine of the society. Men who had followed Garrison for twenty-five years as the purest man they knew found him equivocating and pettifogging on principles; he had let the organization go smash rather than modify by a hair's breadth. It pierced deeper and created more cleavage than any other controversy. Yet somehow he was able to overcome it. He opened up his platform to abolitionists of a new school—Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, George Cheever and T. W. Higginson—who talked openly of insurrections and cleaving the heads of tyrants. He knew he could never deny the Negro what he wanted, come what may. Charles Lenox Remond, a great Negro abolitionist and Garrisonian, found a way of rising above these inconsistencies. "I believe this movement is the only

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possible way to effect peaceful emancipation. I admit my hopes are not strong that the slave will be emancipated by such means . . . American slavery will go down in blood."

And so it did. Immediate and unconditional emancipation did come, and in the context of the revolutionary separatism which was Garrison's main contribution to the struggle. When the war came, he supported it, as he supported John Brown. Approving any violence whatsoever broke up the foundations of his deeps, but when John Brown went to the gallows in Virginia he felt that John Brown, dying, lived and that he, living, died. In a great Homeric defeat, he allowed the moral core of his pacifist movement to disintegrate, because it was, in a sense, befouled by this inevitable violence and blood. Yet he still felt enough of the Old Testament in him to know the *Lamb must be slain*, and in his own, early prophecies he had cried out that this guilty, racist nation should be rent asunder by a judgment of God.

[*a flood of cleansing light*]

NO MAN IN HISTORY was ever presented with a greater illusion of triumph than Garrison. On the last day of February, 1865, the 13th Amendment, abolishing slavery forever, passed the House. He was again mobbed in the streets of Boston: this time the people touched him with love and pride. The press congratulated him on the transformation of public sentiment, over the years, in respect to slavery, property, and his long rejected doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation. Lincoln wrote him. Secretary of War Stanton wrote him. His advice and approval was sought in the highest councils of state.

He was invited to come to Fort Sumter for a great Jubilee, and a raising there of the Stars and Stripes. He went to Charleston, South Carolina, and stood over the grave of John C. Calhoun, his mighty antagonist, saying, "Down to a deeper grave than this, slavery has gone and for it there is no resurrection." Standing later in front of St. Michael's Church, he heard a regimental band marching down the street playing "John Brown's Body" and he burst into uncontrollable tears.

The great climax came when he was carried triumphantly on the shoulders of liberated slaves to a platform in a huge church, surrounded by thousands of black men who knew, at last, what he was trying to do, and that he had done it. He told them, "For many a year I have been an outlaw in the South for your sakes, and a large price was set on my head, simply because I endeavored to remember those in bonds as bound with them. I have faithfully tried, in the face of the fiercest opposition, and under the most depressing circumstances, to make your cause my cause, my wife and children, your wives and children, subjected to the same outrage and degradation; myself on the same auction block, to be sold to the highest bidder. . . ."

This triumph, in its deepest sense, could only be ashes in his mouth. He knew, from talking to the ruling junta of the victory, that they were aware that if leniency and concessions were made to the leaders of the rebellion that there would be another military buildup of the Confederacy, and another explosion of pain and death. "There seems to be one feeling," he wrote in 1865, "that sound policy demanded that fullest justice be meted out to the colored population of the South, whose terrible wrongs had brought this tempest of fire and blood on our land, and upon whose loyalty and valor the chief reliance must be placed in holding the South hereafter to the performance of her constitutional duties."

And how was this to be done? Not with moral suasion, he knew. By the sword must their deliverance be . . . and in the hands of the Negroes themselves. A long period of violence both for and against the Negro was beginning and might not ever end. He was still a man of love and peace, and the society he had shaped was a pacifist society. He could not begin again the task of transforming a people to redeem itself by love alone, creating a nation of saints. The cause had to merge, to dissolve itself into the revolutionary demands, however harsh, of the whole people.

A sad, internecine struggle broke out over the question of the dissolution of the Anti-Slavery Society. Some of his best friends left him, feeling that it had to be carried on. But he was sick, old and tired, and he wanted at last to join the whole people of the country. He wanted to finally achieve, as he had always confidently tried, union with the nonslaveholding millions. "Let us not assume to be better than other people when we are not any better. When they are reiterating all that we say, and are disposed to do all that we wish to be done, what more can we ask? . . . Let us work with the millions and not exclusively as the American Anti-Slavery Society."

The beauty and the triumph of William Lloyd Garrison was that he *had* always worked with the millions, with society as it was, even though he was wrong, even though his program of conversion and bloodless redemption did not work. He tried to develop the goodness, the tenderness, of man and have it overcome the badness. He could not stay in a sect or a church in which people swear every Sunday to uphold the rule of Christ on earth and then hate and degrade their brothers every other day of the week. He could not give loyalty to a country which promised freedom and equality as an absolute and dealt out slavery and exceptionalism, and worshipped property as a god. He did not go away and construct little models of a new form of society which tried to screen out all humanity's ugliness, error and cruelty. He took man as he was, with all his sin and darkness on him, and tried to ignite in him, by the abrasive power of statement, conviction and sacrifice, a flood of cleansing light.

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The Rest of Ronald R

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gan by Jessica Mitford

THE TITLE OF Ronald Reagan's recently published autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?* (as told to Richard Hubler) will stir disquieting memories in the mind of many an old-time filmgoer. It is taken from a scene in "Kings Row," a pre-Peyton Place tale of small-town sin and savagery. Reagan plays the part of a man whose legs are amputated at the hips as an act of personal revenge by a sadistic doctor to whom he is taken for treatment following an accident. He awakens slowly from the anesthetic, opens his eyes dazedly, looks down to where his legs should be and exclaims, "Where's the rest of me?"

In the context of this scene the choice of title (while pretty eerie) would seem to evoke the picture of a maimed and broken spirit laboring to overcome terrible obstacles, to offer a promise of inner searchings and self-revelation. But the conscientious reader will scrutinize the pages in vain for glimpses of the private man behind the public image and will be forced to conclude that the title is merely a ghost writer's conscientious attempt to simulate profundity. Perhaps there is really not much to find behind the two-dimensional Reagan of the screen.

Written in authentic Photoplay style, this book introduces us to Reagan's lovable old drunken Irish father, his stalwart little fighter of a mother, various bluff, kindly football coaches and other fine fellows, and tells of his heartwarming small-town, Midwest upbringing, the small disasters and triumphs of his youth, his eventual thrilling climb to fame and stardom.

Reagan's father was a shoe salesman ("he loved shoes"), his mother a philanthropist and prison-visitor: ("no diploma was needed for kindness, in her opinion, just as my father believed energy and hard work were the only ingredients needed for success").

As a youngster, Ronnie and his older brother Neil scrimmaged around playing football, got odd jobs to help out with the family budget, and had "lovely, wholesome relationships" with home-town girl friends. Eventually Ronnie went to Eureka College ("I wanted to get in that school so badly it hurt when I thought about it.") where he again played a lot of football, and discovered "a new, wonderful world, possibly more fascinating than any other, the world of drama." His teacher taught him "almost all of what I know about acting today (and if the people back there will quit shouting 'That's not much!' I'll be quite happy)."

He graduated in the depth of the depression ("the campus was so beautiful it hurt that June afternoon when we, as graduating seniors, stood in a circle . . .") and, after some false starts, became a sports announcer for Radio Station WHO in Des Moines.

Comes the big break. In 1937 he goes to Catalina Island on an assignment for his station. Passing through Hollywood, he meets an agent. The agent phones a Warner Bros. casting director: "Max, I have another Robert Taylor sitting in my office." "I decided I didn't have a monopoly on little white lies; Bob, at that time, was the biggest sensation in pictures," adds modest Ronnie. A screen test is arranged. A telegram arrives: "WARNERS OFFER CONTRACT SEVEN YEARS STARTING AT $200 A WEEK." His course now set, "I would don my shining armour and journey to Hollywood. I must check sometime and see if, when knighthood was in flower, armour included a reversed breastplate covering that part of the anatomy where kicks are delivered."

Ronnie played in some 40 films between 1937 and 1950, mostly of the canned plot, boy-meets-girl variety. In 1940 he married Jane Wyman, then at the beginning of her movie career. Their marriage and the birth of their daughter merit not a line in his autobiography. He mentions Jane Wyman only once, to say they were divorced in 1948.

THE POLITICAL REAGAN IS, we soon learn, an important part of the rest of him. He feels that an actor who devotes himself solely to his work is "much like I was in 'Kings Row,' only half a man—no matter how great his talents . . . Possibly this was the reason I decided to find the rest of me." He enters the fray: "In politics, I found myself in the middle of the biggest tohubohu of my life. As a first-line Irishman I relished it . . . I had been lauded as a star in sports and had been praised in movies; in politics I found myself misrepresented, cursed, vilified, denounced, and libeled. Yet it was by far the most fascinating part of my life."

Reagan describes himself in the early postwar years as "a near-hopeless hemophilic liberal. I bled for 'causes'; I

Photograph courtesy of Friends of Ronald Reagan

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had voted Democratic in every election. I had followed FDR blindly, though with some misgivings I was to continue voting Democratic through the 1948 election—Harry S. Truman can credit me with at least one assist—but never thereafter. The story of my disillusionment with big government is linked fundamentally with the ideals that suddenly sprouted and put forth in the war years." Some of his friends disagree. "He may have worshipped FDR," said one, "but if so it was in a very peculiar way. Even in those days, he had many of the accoutrements of a rabid conservative. He was always against the income tax. His so-called conservative switch wasn't as big a switch as people think."

While president of the Screen Actors Guild, a post he held on and off for several years, Ronnie testified on Communist subversion in Hollywood as a friendly witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities along with all the guys; George Murphy, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Montgomery and others.

DURING THE FORTIES, he campaigned assiduously against the Red Menace. Describing his experiences in the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of Arts, Sciences and Professions, Ronnie tells how these things are done in movieland: "HICCASP, as it was known—pronounced like the cough of a dying man—was a prominent organization. It was studded with more jewel-like names than a crown tiara." He joins the board, goes to a meeting: "Dore Schary, then head of MGM, was present. I slipped into a seat beside him. 'Lots of people here I didn't think I'd see,' I whispered. He looked at me rather strangely I thought. 'Stick around,' he advised grimly." A contretemps ensues over a proposal to adopt an anti-Communist declaration: "We broke up in dudgeon. As I left, Dore maneuvered next to me. Out of the side of his mouth he muttered, 'Come up to Olivia de Havilland's apartment.' Needless to say, I raced over there . . . I remember that I kept grinning at Olivia until she asked me what was so funny. 'Nothing,' I said, 'except that I thought you were one.' She grinned right back. 'I thought that *you* were one,' she murmured, 'until tonight, that is.' " Later, Ronnie learns of a meeting set at Ida Lupino's: " 'But Ida isn't one of Them,' I expostulated. 'I know,' Bill said impatiently. 'She's been sucked into using her patio.' "

The hemophiliac liberal seems to have bled not at all for the wholesale blacklisting and brutal wreckage of careers that followed in the wake of the witch-hunt he so enthusiastically endorsed, nor for the fact that ten of Hollywood's brightest talents spent a year in jail as a result of these hi-jinks.

1952 was a landmark year for Ronnie. In that year he married his present wife, Nancy Davis, the daughter of a rich Chicago brain surgeon, and for the first time voted the Republican ticket (although he continued to be a registered Democrat until 1962). He courted Nancy with facts and figures about the national debt. Of their first date he says: "Someplace between soup and salad, I learned she had gone to Smith. If she learned arithmetic there, the board of trustees had better call an emergency meeting. When numbers start getting that comma punctuation, she has no names for the digits in between. She can make the national debt come out at $300 thousand instead of $300 billion—and what a lot of problems that would solve."

Ronnie's movie career had been fading for some time. But shortly after his marriage, something came along that gave satisfying range both to his histrionic and political interests; he was engaged as "Host" (master of ceremonies and announcer) on the weekly General Electric Theatre television entertainment program. The great attraction of the GE job for Ronnie was a unique arrangement under which he toured the country for several weeks each year making speeches at company plants and to civic organizations, Chambers of Commerce and the like. "I know statistics are boring," writes Ronnie, with a rare flash of insight, "but reducing eight years of tours in which I reached all of the 135 plants and personally met the 250,000 employees, down to numbers, it turns out something like this: two of the eight years were spent traveling, and with speeches sometimes running at 14 a day, I was on my feet in front of a mike for about 250,000 minutes."

During those years he also found time to lend a hand to the American Medical Association's campaign against Kennedy's Medicare program. He made the "Ronald Reagan Record Kit" to be played by doctors' wives at "Operation Coffee Cup" gatherings, enthusiastically explained in an Association bulletin: "What could be more delightful than a cup of coffee with friends while listening to this charming man. While he is chatting about our favorite subject, medicine, Mr. Reagan manages to convey the cold hard facts of socialization and its impact on society."

RONNIE ADORED THE GE tours; the receptions, the handshaking, the autographing, and above all, the speaking. "I enjoyed every whizzing minute of it. It was one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. There was an understandable glow at being welcomed so warmly.

"No barnstorming politician ever met the people on quite such a common footing. Sometimes I had an awe-

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some, shivering feeling that America was making a personal appearance for me, and it made me the biggest fan in the world." He was crazy about the humorous plaques and things they gave him at the meetings: "I could do our home in plaques. I'm an honorary SOB (Supervisor of Burlington), an Ozark Hillbilly, a locomotive engineer, a pilot on the Confederate Air Force, a Duke, a Patroon, and yes, a Kentucky Colonel . . . A few years ago when our ranch burned—while I was on tour—even the neighbors knew the plaques and framed greetings had top priority; they saved all of them."

Subject matter of the talks was at first confined to the Hollywood scene ("the most dramatic part of my pitch was the account of the attempted takeover of the industry by the Communists") but it quickly evolved into what Ronnie today calls "the speech"—the same speech, almost word for word, that was to win him fame as a television campaign spokesman for Barry Goldwater. He still gives it several times a week. It is all about encroaching government control, the national debt, his old *bête noire* the income tax and so on.

In his autobiography, Ronnie speaks of mounting pressure on GE to get rid of him. The Tennessee Valley Authority was on the war path because of his attacks on that agency. "In a letter to Ralph Cordiner, chairman of the GE board, it was made pretty plain that I was to be fired, and there was a pointed reference to $50,000,000 worth of business TVA could take elsewhere." COPE of the AFL-CIO "tagged me as a strident voice of right-wing extremism," and Drew Pearson "launched a vitriolic attack against me and the American Medical Association." Ronnie relates that Mr. Cordiner stood firm against TVA and other critics. But he eventually got a call from the advertising agency (Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne) "to sound me out on how I'd feel about limiting my speaking to commercial pitches about GE products . . . I told this gentleman that if the speeches were an issue I could see no solution short of severing our relationship. Within 24 hours, the GE Theatre contract was canceled. Someone suggested I was part of the anti-trust settlement with the Justice Department." He is forgiving: "At any rate, I had spent eight wonderful years in a happy and worthwhile association with some of the finest people I've ever met."

By 1964 Ronnie was finding more and more of him. He spent full time electioneering for Goldwater and revised his encroaching control speech, now re-titled "A Time for Choosing," for a half hour television campaign talk. Originally intended only for California distribution, the program was so successful that it was shown half a dozen times on national hook-up. William Buckley's National Review hailed it as "probably the most successful single political broadcast since Mr. Nixon's Checkers speech of 12 years ago." Ronnie was now well on his way to national prominence.

In Owosso, Michigan, a Republican group announced formation of a Reagan for President Committee. In California, the day after the 1964 elections, Republican Secretary of State Frank Jordan suggested that Reagan run for California governor in 1966. "He makes a good appearance and talks well. I certainly don't know who else we've got. We're certainly short on talent," Jordan remarked gloomily. Shortly thereafter Reagan let it be known in an interview with Sheilah Graham that he is ripe for running: "I will give my answer after a lot of soul-searching." He added, "If I could only think of it as

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a script that would run four years!" And what of the Reagan for President movement? asked Miss Graham. "He smiled when I brought this up, and admitted he had heard of it."

Thus the new look in California politics: the era in which the aging screen actor plays the part of governor to an enthusiastic television audience ("Isn't he handsome! And so sincere!"), the term of office is his four-year script, and his political sounding-board is a Hollywood gossip columnist.

A year ago the idea that somebody like Reagan could be seriously considered as a potential candidate for governor would have seemed preposterous. The change was wrought by the totally unexpected torrent of votes that swept George Murphy, song-and-dance old-timer, into office as U.S. Senator. The Republican pros had never thought it could happen; in fact, had they conceived that the senatorial race could be won, it is unlikely that Murphy would have been their candidate. Murphy and Reagan have much in common. Both are accomplished with the right-wing political patter. Both are eminently personable, two-dimensional types, greying now but still vigorous and trim. Above all, both are seen night after night, albeit 20 or 30 years younger, in revivals of their old movies on the late-late show, invariably cast in good-guy roles—a television saturation that would cost astronomical sums were it paid for at political time rates.

If they seem cast from the same mold, there are nevertheless differences: Murphy developed a certain caution in the course of the national election campaign which led him to avoid total identification with Goldwater, whereas Reagan achieved his present status in certain Republican circles *because* of his dedicated work in the Goldwater campaign. He may have to do a little backtracking, but he has plenty of time. Julius Leetham, chairman of the Los Angeles Republican County Committee, said, "We'll be able to tell if he does take his ambitions for the governorship seriously if he begins to pull away from some of the far-right causes."

AMONG THE CAUSES Ronald Reagan has espoused are Young Republicans for Freedom (he signed a recruiting appeal for them), Dr. Fred Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade (he appears on the platform as a supporter), the "Anti-Communist Literature for Latin-America" project (also a Dr. Schwarz production), and Project Prayer, a Hollywood star-studded assault on the Supreme Court's school prayer decision. He is a co-founder of Citizens for Constructive Action, organized in 1965 by the California leaders of the Goldwater-for-President Campaign.

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A Warner Bros. publicity handout says Reagan is "interested in government problems, politics and military tactics, likes things colored green, his favorite flower is the lilac, collects guns." They could have added Pet Peeves: social security, federal aid to education, Medicare, the Veterans Administration hospital system, public power, foreign aid, the United Nations, the federal farm program, and above all the graduated personal income tax, to which he refers as a system "spawned by Karl Marx as the prime essential in the Socialist state." Liberals are "fools playing with matches" and Republican Party moderates are worse: "I don't think we should turn the high command over to leaders who were traitors during the battle just ended," he writes in a post-election article in the National Review.

MOST OF THE Northern California Republicans with whom I spoke think that Reagan's chances for the nomination are very remote. "Not one in ten thousand takes the Reagan movement seriously," said Assemblyman William Bagley. "If he allows himself—and he already has—to be used by the extreme right-wing element, that destroys his effectiveness. The Reagan movement is a remnant of the Goldwater movement. How in the devil can a remnant expect to win an election?" Mrs. Lee Sherry, vice-chairman of the Republican Central Committee of Northern California, agreed: "He's able to stir a certain segment of the party—he's ultraconservative. But I never in the past dreamed of looking at him as a candidate."

Yet political polls have shown the steady rise of Reagan's star among Republican voters. Today he is far in the lead.

The seeming contradiction was explained by Joseph Martin, a San Francisco lawyer who resigned from the National Republican Committee last year to run the Rockefeller campaign: "There may be lack of enthusiasm for Reagan in Northern California, but the South is where the votes are. Los Angeles, Orange County and San Diego thumb their noses at the rest of the state."

Hoping that the rest of Ronald Reagan might be found lurking in the vicinity of Disneyland, Forest Lawn and the John Birch Society, I went down to Southern California to have a look.

I did not meet Mr. Reagan. His agent, telephoning to cancel the appointment I had previously made directly with the candidate, explained: "This is not the time for any political stories, the party is in too much of a turmoil," a comment which caused considerable eyebrow raising on the part of Republican pros. But old friends and new political associates were able to piece together bits of him.

Mr. Leetham, who as chairman of the Los Angeles Republican County Committee is himself considered a neutralist and compromiser in the current party dissension, gave a rather scary description of Ronnie: "He's vital, dynamic, youthful in approach. The Young Republicans are enthralled with him, so are the women's groups. He talks sincerely, has appeal to people who are emotionally groping around and are upset with how things are. There's a messianic thing about him—a great white light." About Reagan's potential strength within the party, Mr. Leetham said, "Do approach this carefully. His possibilities are more symbolic than real—people feel he might be elected as we had good luck in November with the Thespian type. If Murphy had been a barber, there'd be a run on barbers. Reagan is a better personality politics-wise than he should be. He ought to be a complete fool, somebody used in these ultraconservative enterprises should be a complete clobberhead. But he isn't. The intellectual content of his speeches is better than I would expect, although this may be a compliment to his writer."

Eugene Wyman, chairman of the Los Angeles County Democratic Party Committee, thinks that Reagan would be "a most effective and attractive candidate—anyone taking him too lightly would be a fool." He thinks that Governor Brown would win no matter who the Republicans nominate, but "that's not to underrate Reagan, although he would have problems running as a Goldwater type candidate."

IT IS AT THE grass-roots level that one feels the real heartthrob for Ronnie. Mrs. Lucille Boston, past president of the Republican Women's Federation and president of the Young Republicans, spoke eloquently of his electrifying dynamism: "There was fantastic emotion when he spoke, people respond unbelievably, his sincerity really comes through, people *feel* this, it's overwhelming." Mrs. Boston arranged a six-week tour of California in which Ronnie made several speeches a day for Goldwater.

She explained that there are over 100 highly efficient Goldwater precinct organizations in the Los Angeles area, which, inspired by Reagan's message, did not disband after the elections but reorganized "under different names like Citizens for Constitutional Action."

The big guns of the radical right were a good deal cagier. John Rousselot, former California congressman and now public relations chief for the John Birch Society, was reluctant to comment on Reagan's candidacy: "The John Birch Society doesn't endorse candidates. Anything I said about Reagan might be misinterpreted." But he did vouchsafe that Ronnie spoke at a testimonial dinner given on his behalf when he was in Congress, and that their

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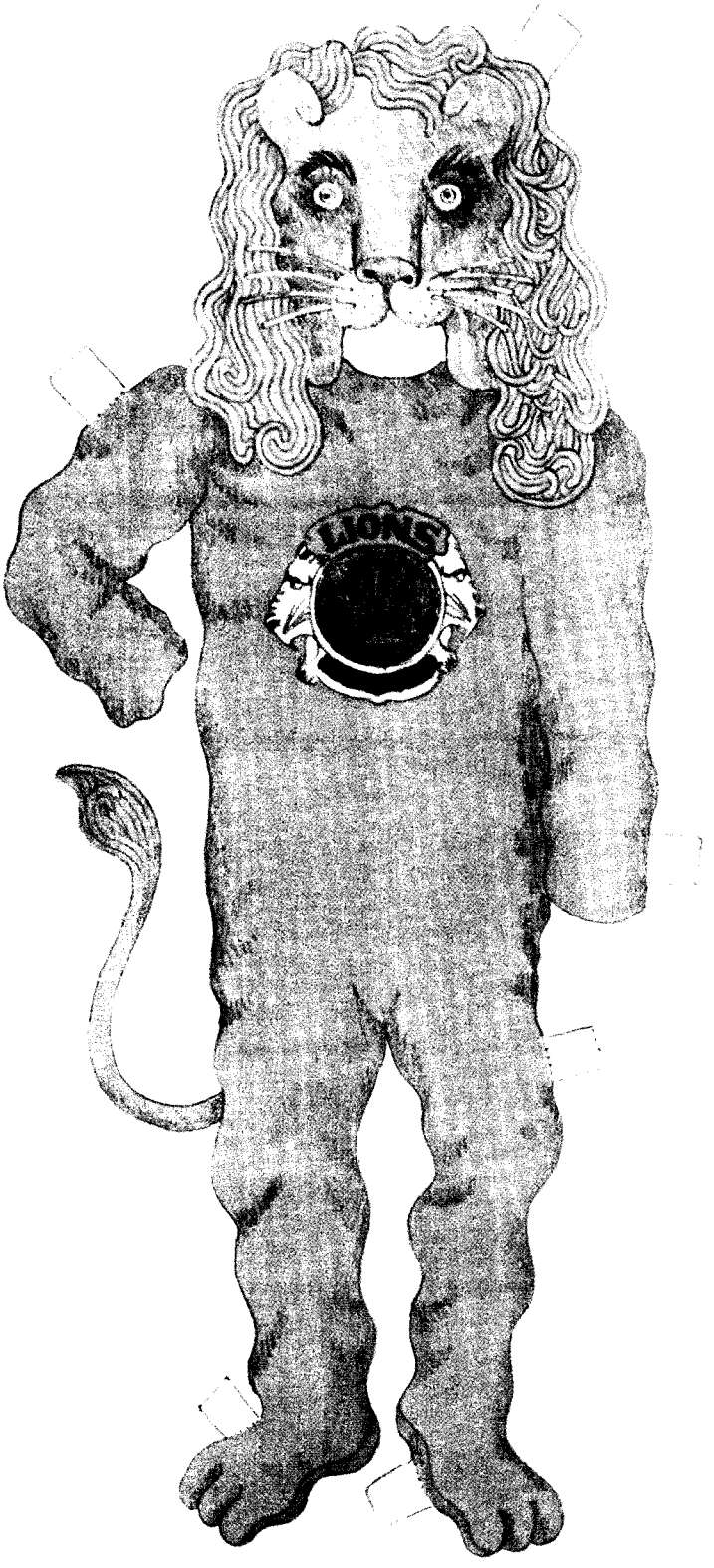
Starring Ronald Reagan]

Jump right into the swim of things.
[Captain, college swimming team†]



Be a joiner.
[Lions Club, Friars Club,
Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity,
California Thoroughbred Breeders Association,
Screen Actors Guild,
American Federation Radio and Television Artists, etc.†]

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The Compleat Candidate

Be patriotic.
["Since my birth I have been particularly fond of . . . red, white and blue."]*

Don't shrink from competition.
["I had been lauded as a star in sports."]*

*From Ronald Reagan's autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?* †From the official biography of Ronald Reagan published by the

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philosophical positions on many things might be the same. "I'm not sure, though, whether he favors the impeachment of Earl Warren."

Mr. Willis Stone, head of the Liberty Amendment Committee which advocates amending the U.S. Constitution to repeal the income tax, thinks Reagan would make a doggone good candidate for Governor. "He's a very fine person, has a better than average understanding of basic issues." He added that while Ronnie is not publicly identified with the Liberty Amendment Committee he consults them frequently and uses their materials, research and documentation in preparing his talks.

Friends who knew him best in the early Hollywood days told me that even then Ronnie was always on a soapbox. Ida Nadejan of Modern Screen did many an "ideal Hollywood couple" interview with him and Jane Wyman, to whom he was married from 1940 to 1948. "I remember his wild enthusiasm for FDR," she said. "He'd talk your ear off, that was one thing Jane couldn't stand." In fact one gathers from the old-time friends that it was sheer, devastating boredom on Jane's part that finally drove her to divorce him.

A close associate who was in the army with Reagan told me he was always fond of spouting statistics. "I used to try to avoid political arguments. The statistics-quoting was unnerving, it went on endlessly, a fountain." Irving Wallace, the writer, also an army buddy of Ronnie's, remembers with a shudder the monthly appearance of the Reader's Digest on the post: "He'd grab it like a starving man grabbing for food. Then he'd read it from cover to cover, absorb it. Then he'd tell us everything he'd read in it, launch into long and serious discussions about the articles. I'd grade him "A" for determination, "C" for natural gifts. He's a man who parrots things—shallow and affable."

There are conflicting opinions in Hollywood about Reagan's eight-year relationship with General Electric. Some think that he first championed ultra-right wing causes because of his association with GE: "He began having lunch with a different kind of person—the big-time executives." Several mentioned the all-electric kitchen given to him by his employers: "He never had a decent kitchen before." A Republican sophisticate suggested, "His connection with GE was more than a hired entertainer; he was a sort of unofficial political spokesman for them. They may well be behind his campaign."

The contrary view is that Ronnie went too far to the right even for GE, that he ended up by embarrassing the company with his extremist pitch: "He was making these speeches about creeping socialism, it outraged the audiences. They reared back, and word got back to GE officials, who decided to blunt his horns. Now Ronnie goes around telling people he was fired by GE for daring to tell the truth." A New York Times political correspondent who described Reagan as "Birchy in aroma" said, "It was a damn fool thing for GE to do in the first place. They may have woken up to the fact they shouldn't be spouting this right-wing propaganda."

Curious to learn what it takes to be fired by General Electric for spouting right-wing propaganda, I made direct inquiry of that corporation. The San Francisco representative sounded quite rattled by my question, and suggested that it should be "handled by the head office." Rather to my amazement, Mr. David Burke, in charge nationally of GE public relations, volunteered to fly out immediately from New York to California to set me straight. Naturally, I was expecting to learn of all sorts of fascinating behind-the-scenes machinations, but his explanation of the non-renewal of Ronnie (the word "fired" did not occur in his conversation) turned out to be disappointingly matter-of-fact. By the beginning of 1962 the GE Theatre ratings were dropping disastrously. "I'm surprised Ronnie said he was discontinued because of his conservative viewpoint," said Mr. Burke. "That's loaded with irony. GE is a highly honorable company; freedom of speech is jealously guarded at all levels. His friends in GE will be *simply aghast* to read these things in his book." He emphasized that GE has "unreserved admiration and respect for Mr. Ronald Reagan," that it was with "deep regret that our relationship was discontinued because of the GE Theatre's inability to hold its audience."

These last words would seem to bode ill for Ronnie's political prospects, yet it may be too early to tell. Ronnie himself says that his decision about whether to run for governor will depend on "where I can do the best job, running for office or continuing as a Paul Revere sounding the alarm."

Will Ronnie get the part he wants, or is he irrevocably fated to be type-cast as Paul Revere? If he runs for governor, who will Central Casting pick for his running-mate? Will Nancy master the facts about the national debt if she becomes California's First Lady or will she continue to be a lovable scatterbrain? Will Mrs. Lucille Boston succeed in converting the Republican precinct apparatus into Ronnie Reagan fan clubs? And will Ronnie find the rest of him at last at the whistle stops and rallies, in the highways and byways of California, among the humble folk and the great who make up the electorate? For the next spine-tingling installment, be sure to tune in well in advance of the 1966 primary elections.

Jessica Mitford is the author of the best-seller, The American Way of Death, *an exposé of the funeral director industry in the United States.*

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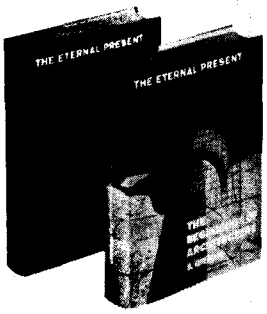

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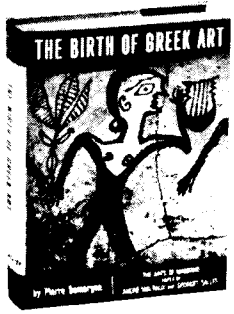

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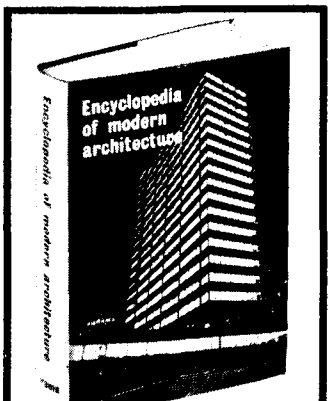

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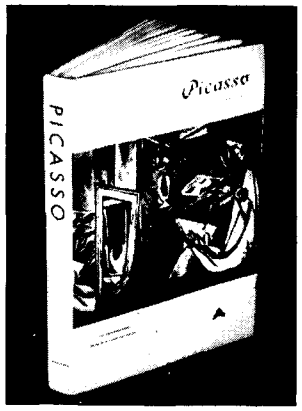

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Be a family man.
[Motion picture industry "Father of the Year," 1957†]

Create an image for yourself.
["I would don my shining armour . . ."]*

In case of a temporary setback.

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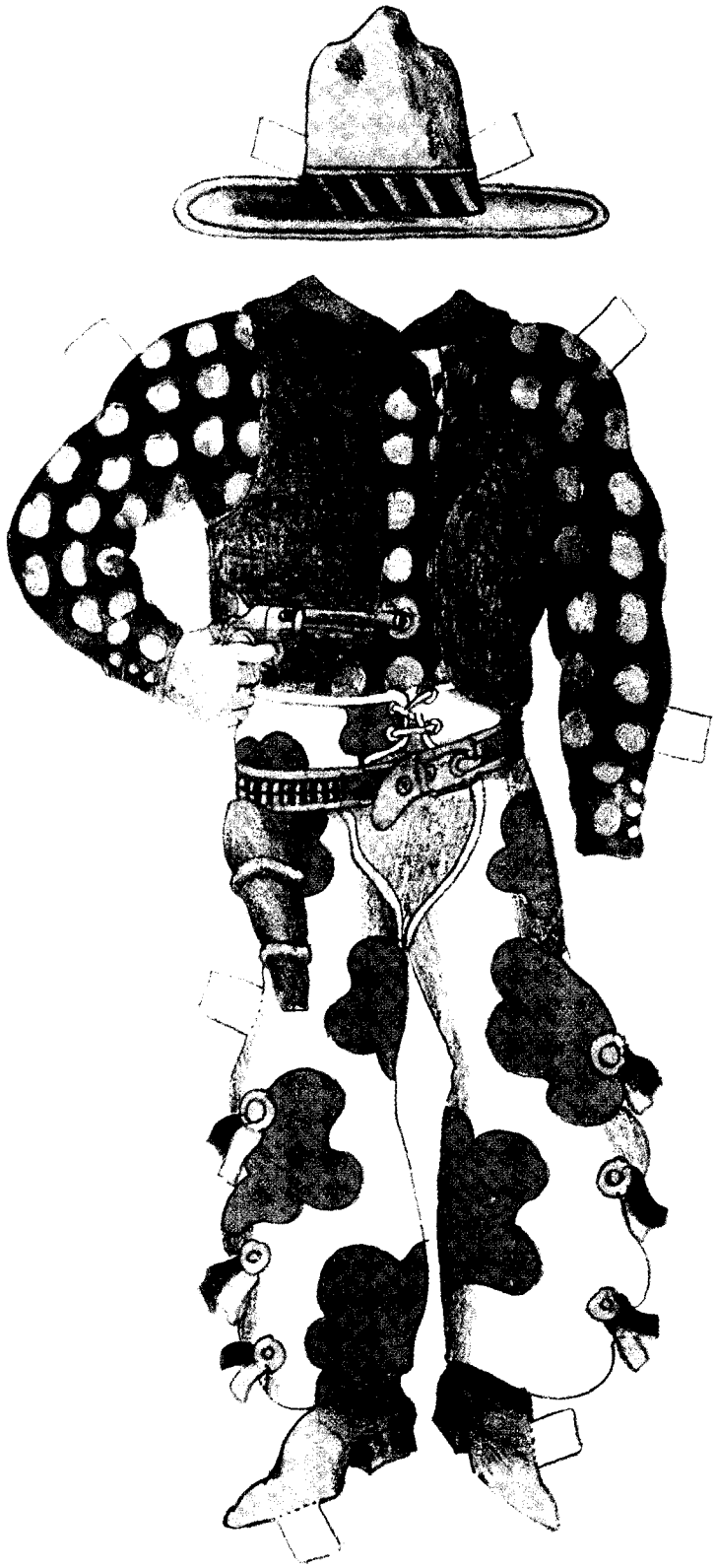
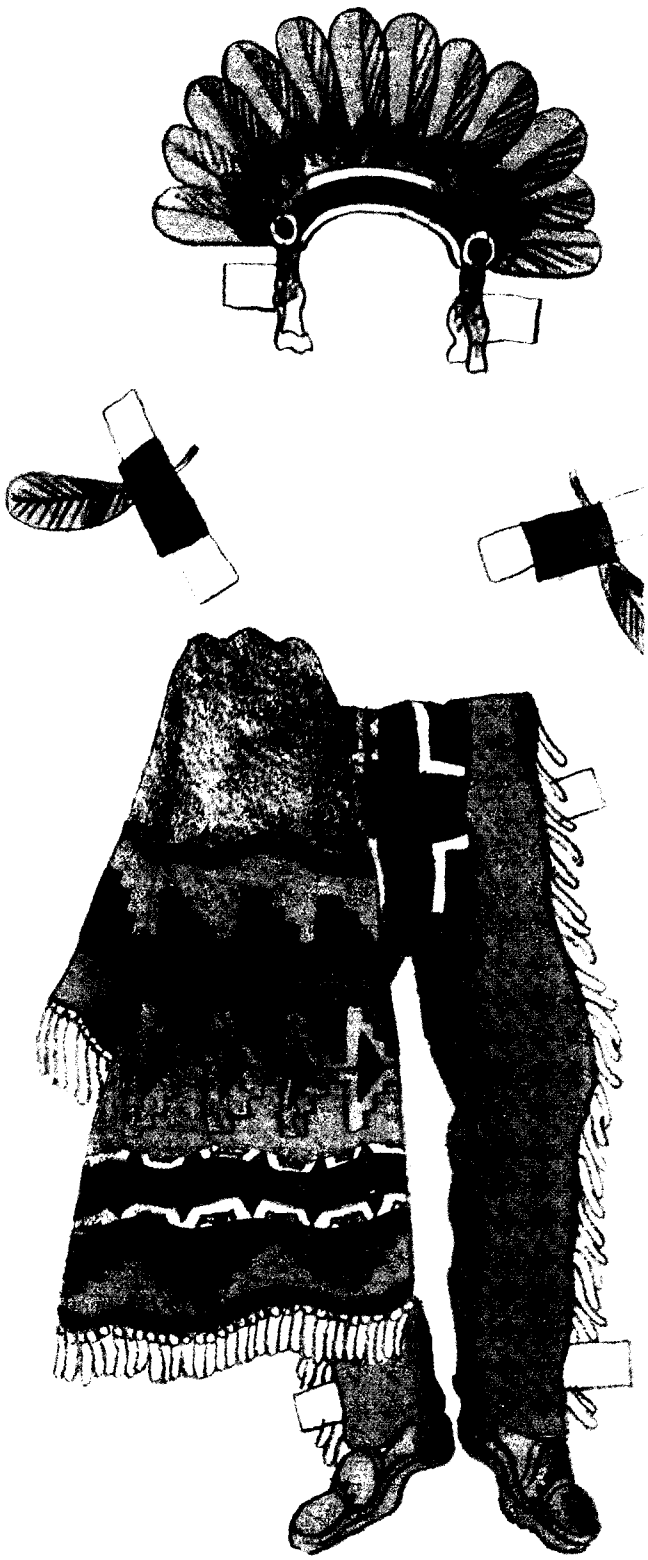
Illustrations by Seymour Chwast, Push Pin Studios



Be proud of your heritage.
[Horseman, and operator of a large horse breeding and cattle ranch†]



Get close to the people.
[Member, Navajo Clan†]

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Proposals for a War Constitution

[*The following document has recently come into my hands, and purports to be a proposal for much-needed Constitutional reform made by McGeorge Bundy to other high government officials, including the President. I have no way of vouching for its authenticity.*]

Arthur I. Waskow

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From: The Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs
To: The Thursday Luncheon Group on Vietnam

Many complaints have been heard from around the country that our present policy in Vietnam strains the spirit and letter of the Constitution. In order to salve the fears and quiet the consciences of those Americans who still believe in the old Constitution's antiquated provision that only Congress may declare war or in the antiquated assumption that democratic elections can be meaningfully democratic only if the choices put before the electorate reflect at least the basic real policies of the candidates, some Constitutional amendments relating to the war power may be necessary. It should be especially noted that several of the proposals below would salve fears and soothe consciences *without in fact interfering with our conduct and management of the war*, and so may be especially recommended.

First, to deal with the issue of Congressional declarations of war, including the pre-dated semi-declarations like that passed after the Tonkin Gulf affair last fall:

[ARTICLE XXV]

The Congress shall not have power to authorize in advance the President to declare war on its behalf, except in the following cases: (a) danger of thermonuclear war; (b) danger of escalated war; (c) danger of unjust war; (d) danger to vital interests of the United States; (e) danger to vital interests of the Free World; (f) danger to vital interests of allies of the United States. Women Strike for Peace shall have power to decide when the excepted cases (a) through (c) as hereinbefore described, shall apply; and the John Birch Society shall have similar power as to cases (d) through (f).

It should be noted that the first three exceptions are likely to be so broadly interpreted by Women Strike for Peace and the last three so broadly interpreted by the John Birch Society that practically all conceivable cases will be covered by one set or the other. Thus the amendment, while purporting to restrict the system of "predated declarations of war" which has grown up in the last decade, will actually give us a free hand with and in Congress.

Secondly, there have been a great many complaints that the President campaigned on a peace platform but, once elected, actually adopted the war policies of his opponent. Among ourselves, there is no point in denying this charge; the question is how to deal with it. I suggest that the following amendment would set the country's mind at ease, but through the Proviso in the third paragraph would prevent any interference with orderly means of misleading the people:

[ARTICLE XXVI]

No elector of President shall cast his ballot for any person who shall have stated that he deserves to be President on the grounds that "He kept us out of war," or that he would "never send your boys to fight in any foreign war," or that he would "never fear to negotiate," or that he would "seek only the war against poverty," or any similar phrase.

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The American Legion shall have the power to define "similar phrases" as hereinbefore noted and to enforce this article by appropriate legislation. Provided, that this Article shall be inoperative as regards any elector who together with his ballot for a person of the sort described files an affidavit that he understands and believes such person will as President not take the actions necessary to prevent war. Such affidavit shall be marked "Top Secret—Eyes Only" and shall be read only by the President of the Senate when he is counting the votes of electors for President.

Finally, many people have complained that although we claim we are defending liberty in South Vietnam, the means we and our clients use and the kind of government we helped to create belie this claim. In order to deal with this issue, both now, as regards Vietnam, and for the foreseeable future, as regards other states, I would propose the following amendment:

[ARTICLE XXVII]

On the sixth day of January of every year, the Congress shall meet in joint session, each member casting one vote, to name those countries comprising the Free World. Provided, that in not less than any two countries out of any five so named shall principles equivalent to the First and Fourteenth Articles of amendment to this Constitution be applicable.

I have deliberately made the wording somewhat involved, but if the rest of you think it is asking too much for two-fifths of the Free World to have freedom of speech and religion, racial equality, etc., then we can make it one-fifth. Any less would, I think, make many people a little nervous.

One of the members of my staff proposed one other amendment, but I am afraid that this one would really bind our hands. Still, you may want to consider it:

[ARTICLE XXVIII]

The Congress shall not declare, nor any President make, war in any country unless six of the place names thereof can be accurately pronounced by three-fourths of a panel of twelve persons selected by lot from among all the representatives of the press accredited in the Seat of Government of the United States.
The National Geographic Society shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

I will look forward to your suggestions and refinements on these amendments. My own feeling is that they could prove just as important to calming fears about war while allowing the effective management of American foreign policy as the three post-Civil-War amendments were for a century in calming advocates of racial equality while permitting the institutions of racism to recover.

Arthur I. Waskow is a resident fellow at the Institute For Policy Studies, Washington, D.C.

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The Last Jew in America

by

Leslie A. Fiedler

Illustrations by Rick Schreiter

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AT FIRST JACOB MOSKOWITZ HAD SAID, "It's for Louie. So don't argue, come. How much longer does he have to live? A week, maybe, or ten days? I won't even say please. For his sake, come." But they had only stared at him blankly, those so-called Faculty Jews—with their Gentile wives, their Ph.D.'s, their button-down collars—answering him evasively, turning away even before his plea was finished. Yet he had spoken the simple truth. Louis Himmelfarb had indeed been dying, in St. Cyprian's Hospital of all places: an old Jew, a life-long Socialist, a man who had once worked side by side with Sam Gompers, consumed now by a cancer and tended by nuns.

"It's *erev* Yom Kippur," Jacob had tried next. "The Eve of the Day of Atonement. For Louie, his last *Yom Kippur*. It's important to him." *And to me*, he had added to himself, remembering his own nearly 70 years. *How many more will I see? Where will I be this time next year?* Aloud, however, he had said only, "How many of us are there altogether in this God-forsaken town? How many in the whole world after what happened to the Six Million? Let's make a *minyan* while we can, one more *minyan*. These days it's quite an accomplishment."

But their eyes had answered him even before their lying mouths: their *goyish* eyes, bloodshot from last night's cocktail party, "*For what? A minyan for what, for Christ's sake?*"

At last he had settled for saying, "O.K., so never mind Louie, never mind Hitler. Skip Yom Kippur even. All I'm asking is what makes you think you have the right to drop out of history, to elect yourself the last Jew in America? That's hubris (do I pronounce it right, professor?), overweening pride, ain't it?" And pleased with his own style, he had scarcely listened to their only too predictable excuses.

Naturally, one of them was giving an evening lecture on criminology (for the benefit of the local police); another had to attend a CORE meeting (to worry about the Negroes in Mississippi, there being too few for concern close at hand); another's oldest son was playing football for the county high school ("He's a star—*the* star to be absolutely frank. They're all depending on him."); still another's youngest daughter was "flying up" in Bluebirds (and he had to be present to pin on her medal, or tie her tie, who knew what). And on which night in the year would it not have been exactly the same story?

"To hell with—" Jacob had yelled, filling in the blank appropriately in each case. And "Bring your sons," he had added for those with male children old enough to matter. "To the hospital. To Louie's room, number 1303. I'll bring the *Torah*." Unfortunately, he had had no more to offer than the Scrolls of the Law, since his single child, a daughter, had died of peritonitis at the age of 12 some 30 years before. Even the little cemetery in which she lay buried had ceased to be Jewish, having passed into the hands of the township with the death of his wife's father,

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the last of the old Congregation to which the *Torah* Jacob volunteered had originally belonged. "We'll make it really *kosher* this time," he had cried after each departing back. "A Jewish *Torah* and a Catholic hospital."

The notion of *Kol Nidre* among the nuns had scarcely fazed them; but the mention of their sons and the Scrolls of the Law in a single breath had seemed especially to embarrass Jacob's victims, so that all but one of them had pretended not to hear his final invitation. And even that one—who taught Anglo-Saxon and wore cowboy boots and a string-tie—had answered apologetically, "Listen, I could never persuade my son to come in a million years. He's a real outdoor type, like his mother's family, and he's got a brand new shotgun. But my daughter, on the other hand, is always asking me about . . ."

"Who needs your lousy daughter," Jacob had cried, the violence of his response (would he not have wanted his own daughter by his side?) surprising him. "Bring sons or nothing. Sundown. Sharp." *And if this one turned out to be the last Jew in America,* Jacob had not been able to keep from thinking, as he had watched the Professor of Anglo-Saxon slap his broad-brimmed hat against the tops of his boots in an ecstasy of shame, *what a catastrophe, what a joke.* But he had not been sure what it meant finally that the last catastrophe of the Jews *be* a joke.

Of one thing he had thought himself sure, however; and crying, "Thank God!" aloud, had congratulated himself on not being a professor at least, not really a faculty member at all. Yet (he had had to acknowledge to himself), he had been pleased when the students had begun some years before to call him "Doc" and to invite him to speak occasionally—on Nietzsche, on Marx, on Freud, on whatever they knew him to be reading—not only before their fraternities but even their church groups. It was partly (he had realized, accepting every bid all the same) because he had acquired a reputation as a character, complete with comic accent and weird gestures; but maybe also (he had tried to reassure himself) because these sons of farmers and real-estate salesmen and feed merchants had sensed in him a kind of wit and wisdom which both their florid parents and their pale teachers had despised.

Certainly they had heard the legend, if they had not themselves actually watched it being made, of his prowling the crowded gymnasium during Registration Week—arms behind his back, the knuckles of one nervous hand in the palm of the other—to demand of some young and unsuspecting instructor, a first-time "advisor," "So tell me Professor, what course should I take" (he would pause, his comedian's voice grown loud enough now to be heard everywhere) "to find out what is the good life and how should I lead it?"

Actually, he had not even finished his first year in Ag School (despising his instructors for their obtuseness, himself for his difficulties with English), to which he had been sent by a rich Jewish benefactor interested in persuading immigrant boys to go to the land rather than huddle in cities. School had interfered with Jacob's reading, which had seemed then the whole meaning of his life; and only a strange series of accidents had brought him to the job on campus where—looking up one day in astonishment—he discovered he had passed more than three decades, expecting each day to move on to something else. What he was, what he had been for some 35 years was the animal man in the Zoology Department, a tender of guinea pigs and weasels, a cleaner of cages.

Yet he drew more books out of the college library, read more current magazines in the half-deserted Periodical Room, asked more pertinent questions at public lectures than any of his "colleagues" in Philosophy or Literature. And for 15 years he had held the nominal rank of Assistant Professor (thanks to a Dean who had shared his enthusiasm for *Eugene Onegin*)—on the basis of which, his wife, Leah, had joined the Faculty Women's Club, even the American Association of University Women, where no one had thought to challenge her non-existent credentials.

Yet Leah had never felt really accepted (her father having been the local pawnbroker and—in the unproved opinion of everyone in town—a fence) by the women in whose midst she had sat for so many years, her hats, like her opinion of her husband, identical with theirs. Certainly Jacob had not helped her cause with his loudly professed political heresies, his stubbornly unfashionable clothes, and his refusal to unlearn his ghetto inflections and gestures. Her own voice had grown quieter and quieter, her motions of hand and head more restrained and minimal, until one day she had disappeared—dead finally—Jacob had not been able to deny even to himself (the confused doctors having offered him no credible alternative)—of a broken heart. But he had never heard of one breaking so slowly, over 30 or 40 years anyway, perhaps over the full 62 which Leah had accumulated before sneaking away into death one night, without even a sigh.

AT ANY RATE, Jacob had been a widower for nearly three years, a foot-loose and melancholy man, wandering from office to office, prowling the stacks of the library, dawdling on the steps of the Administration Building, sitting hopefully hour after hour in the cafeteria, in quest of a companionship that forever eluded him, a commitment (for half an hour, five minutes even!) as total as Leah's—for all their differences—had been. By now Jacob had learned how each encounter was bound to end in frustration; and so he had come to *begin* with insults, pouring out his accumulated rage on some new-found interlocutor, who would stare at him in bafflement or incontinently flee. There was no use trying to kid himself. He had become a pest, a plain and simple pest.

But surely not so much of a pest as Louie (who had

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always been a bachelor) had become after being voted out of office by the State, County and Municipal Workers Union, whose Organizer he had been—aside from two years in jail on some trumped-up charge of extortion or bribery—since before Jacob had known him. What had been left to poor Louie, after all (without even a wife to annoy or remember), except to become a one-hundred-per-cent Jew, his right-wing socialism long since absorbed into New Deal pieties, his allegiance to labor rejected by those for whose sake he had endured being framed without protest or explanation. "A jailbird," his rival had called him publicly during the last union election; and "A crooked Jew," that rival had added in private, "what do you expect?"

So Louie had spent his last years in fund-raising for the United Jewish Appeal, arranging meetings for visiting Israeli speakers, and bullying the reluctant not-quite-Jews of the community into desultory Seders and Purim celebrations. "For the children," he had invariably explained to the bored planning groups, crowded uncomfortably into his rented room, where the only things that had been really his own were a handful of books and a giant portrait of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, hung between hunting scenes in the snow. "You owe it to them," he had concluded, "whether you know it or not." And he had indicated then the snack he always prepared: a bowlful of Mother's Gefillte Fish (right out of jars he had persuaded the supermarket to stock); a loaf of rye bread (flown in from Chicago); a gallon of Mogen David wine. "So eat, drink. Don't be shy."

Even Jacob had come to avoid Louie at last, slipping across the street or into the convenient shelter of a nearby store whenever he had seen him approaching—to avoid being reminded of some unpaid pledge, some unredeemable obligation to history and the dead. "And am I now in the Louie-position?" he asked himself bitterly, preparing to leave the campus after his final interview. "Have I become the town Jew for the rest of my life, a professional conscience for the conscienceless? I who fled the *staedtl* and the graves of my ancestors? What do I think I'm doing? What do I think I am?"

But he had been unable to leave off what he had begun —not at this point anyhow; and the campus, he knew really, had been the easiest part of the job. There, in some sense at least, he had been at home; as he never was in the "downtown" that had still remained to be canvassed—an utterly alien place inhabited by the handful of non-academic Jews in Plainsville, with most of whom he had exchanged over the years no more than a dozen words: an underwear salesman, an aged, lady-librarian, the two lawyers who did not speak to each other, but neither of whom would deign to ask if the other had been invited—and last of all, Max Schultheis the jeweller, the second (or was it only the third?) richest man in town.

To each of them, except Max, Jacob had made finally his by-then-standard speech—even embroidering it a little (to keep from boring himself) and not caring certainly whether any of them had quite understood what he was saying. Yet he had grown somehow more and more indignant with each repetition, until he had come to feel himself more prophet than *nudnik*—speaking not with his own querulous voice but in the thundering tones of a God in whom, of course he did not (he made no bones about it) believe. "What makes you think you have the right to be the last Jew in America? Five thousand years of history you have no right to cancel out unilaterally."

"What did I say? What did I do?" the underwear salesman—a great kidder—had cried, backing off in pretended alarm from Jacob's onslaught. "You don't have to make a federal case out of it. I'll come."

MAX, HOWEVER, HAD BEEN ANOTHER MATTER—and not merely because Jacob had hated him for his big mouth, his shameless relish of his own success, though of course Jacob had; but because Max might have laughed, knowing Jacob without love as intimately as a man finds it painful to be known by those who love him best. "Professor," Max had always liked to call him, with obvious irony, or *chochem*, meaning a sage. And in any case, Max had *chosen* already to be a last Jew, marrying a Catholic woman, a scarcely articulate peasant from the Ukraine, hardly touched by her years in America; and he had been genuinely pleased that his six sons—scattered now across the whole breadth of the land—had married *shikses*, too.

To be sure, Max had been making a contribution to the U.J.A. every year since the establishment of the State of Israel: $2500 right on the line—more than twice the amount given by all of the Jewish professors added together. But *Yom Kippur* would have been something else altogether, especially with Jacob doing the inviting. Bracing himself to enter Max's store, he had imagined the whole scene: without even troubling to rise from the desk in the back room, Max would pull a drastically chewed cigar from between his ill-fitting store teeth and laugh in his face, not the slightest doubt about it. And who could blame him; since Max, who forgot nothing that might some day give him an advantage, would not have forfotten the story of Jacob and his mother and that other Yom Kippur long, long before.

But why had he not held his tongue in the first place? He had always told Max too much, Jacob had realized even at the moment of telling it; but how could he have resisted, things having been as they were? There had been only the three of them during the early days, in a town of nearly 20,000: three lonely Russian Jews jostled by a hybrid horde of Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, Lutherans, Jehovah's Witnesses, God knows what all—he and Louie and Max. To be sure, there had also been Leah, whom Jacob had eventually married, but she had scarcely seemed to count,

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having been born in the United States, in Plainsville itself. And her father, stiff-faced and speechless in his wheelchair by the time Jacob had arrived, had been merely a silent witness: sole survivor of an older generation of Jewish tradesmen, who had strangely faded away; while the influx of Jewish faculty into the University (then still an Ag School) had not yet begun.

So they had gathered together from time to time, just the three of them—invariably in Max's house—to share memories of *cheder* and *shul*, of the difficulties of 1905 and the perils of avoiding the Czarist draft, but chiefly to speak Yiddish and to pass from hand to hand the current issue of the *Vorwaerts*, always a week old by the time it had arrived. They had been joint subscribers to that newspaper—Max, the cheapskate, having insisted that the other two pitch in, though by that time he had given up his last pretense of poverty, moving from the clapboard bungalow down by the railroad tracks to the 14-room mansion on top of the only high ground near Plainsville.

Jacob, who had then still been a faithful Stalinist, would have preferred the Communist *Freiheit*, of course, not only because of its more congenial politics but also for the sake of its superior Yiddish. The half-English jargon of the *Vorwaerts* had offended him even more deeply than its centrist hypocrisy, symbolized in a masthead which still called on the "Workers of the World" to unite, though its editors had long since abandoned all Marxist principle. But what use would it have been to argue with either of his Red-baiting companions? To both of them, the Social Democrat as well as the Republican, the term "Communist" had become merely a dirty word, a contemptuous designation of the Enemy; and they had never ceased to regard him with suspicion—as if at any moment, he might throw off his disguise, and reveal himself in his true colors.

Jacob had, as a matter of fact, been sent to his improbable place of exile by the Communist Party, or at least by certain functionaries of the Party convinced that this scrawny Jew was intended by fate to lead the farmers of the Midwest toward a free and peaceful Soviet America. Had he not entered the United States via Galveston, Texas, and worked his way up the very center of the country on cotton plantations and wheat ranches, in apple orchards and cowbarns? Had he not even judged hogs once at a fat stock show? He had got nowhere fast, however, attempting to bore from within at Grange meetings, or hopefully buttonholing poor farmers at square dances and old-time fiddling contests; for everywhere he had seemed a stranger—more comic perhaps than malign, even endearing, but an outsider all the same.

And meanwhile he had been growing more and more appalled at the ignorance of the local Party people and their petty contests for power, as well as at their wife-swapping and hard drinking, before which his puritanical Jewish conscience and his queasy Jewish stomach had both quailed. It had not been until the Hitler-Stalin pact, however, until public scandal had seconded private distress, that he had spoken his doubts aloud. But by that time he had become for all his fellow townsmen (including Louie and Max and his wife) a hopeless troublemaker, an unredeemable fool—yet a permanent fixture all the same, an aspect of the community as irreplaceable as the bad roads or the high price of gasoline, without which all conversation might have faltered and died.

Certainly during the early years he had confessed none of his reservations about the Soviet Union and the Party either to Louis Himmelfarb, who had still continued to talk Norman Thomas though already voting F.D.R., or to Max Schultheis, who would rehearse the foulest anti-semitic slanders of Louie's idol (though Hitler was to change all that) and even, from time to time, defend Father Coughlin. Infuriated, Jacob would defend in return everything that Max opposed, right down to Russia's support of the Arabs in Palestine and the assassination of Trotsky. More often than not, therefore, their sessions would end in mutual insults and recriminations, all three of them screaming in rage and anguish; until, able to bear no more, Jacob would bolt out into the night—leaving Natasha Schultheis to mourn over the unconsumed pastry she had prepared especially for him. Unlike Louie, he had not had to worry about gout (ridiculous disease for a labor leader); and unlike Max, he had had no tendency to grow fat—so he had been able to indulge his sweet tooth, untroubled by anything but anger. It was for this that Natasha had loved him, occasionally intervening on his behalf with her husband, of whom she was terrified.

Once, however, after a particularly vicious hassle about the role of the Communists in Spain, even her mediation had failed; and for more than two years (Had she stopped baking the whole while? Jacob had wondered.) he and Max had ceased speaking completely. Yet somehow they had begun to see each other again after enough time had passed; and in the worst of the McCarthy days, when it had looked as if Jacob were really going to lose his job, Max had joined Louie in his defense. Jacob had not been surprised, of course, that Louie had stood by him, bullying his timid fellow-unionists into issuing statements of support; but it had astonished and dismayed him that Max had rallied 'round, too, in the end probably saving his skin.

"Listen, professor," Max had said over the phone, rousing Jacob from a troubled sleep at two in the morning just when everything had seemed most grim, "this is just between you, me and the lamp post, but you got nothing to worry. I done a little leaning where it counts. I won't mention names but you could guess maybe. Anyway, you're all right."

And when Jacob, bewildered and only half-awake, had tried to thank him, Max had cut him off abruptly. "Never mind. With these *goyim* you have to know how to deal. *I* know."

There had been no love in his voice, however, not even

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pity—only condescension and contempt, plus a begrudged acknowledgment of some presumed obligation of Jew to Jew which Jacob had found especially offensive, as Max must have found all his presumptions offensive. Louie, on the other hand, Max had always obviously loved, or respected at least—in part, of course, because Louie, a lobbyist from way back, had been on a first name basis with all the bigwigs: State legislators, judges, officials of the power company, even the senior United States Senator; but in part (maybe chiefly) because Louie had served time.

THE SUCCESS AND THE CROOK, the solid citizen and the *gonif*, these two types Max Schultheis understood and looked up to; indeed, he himself, though twice president of the local Chamber of Commerce, had hung on to his interest in a skidrow whorehouse out of some sense that mere respectability was not enough to assert and prove power. If Max (Jacob was convinced) had for one moment believed Louie innocent of the charges on which he had been jailed, a victim of others slicker than he, Max would have despised him as he had always despised Jacob; since it had not been as a Red but as a fool that Max had held Jacob in contempt—as a fall-guy for the Soviet Union. And what had he been, after all, defending for so many years that monster, that *antisemit*, Stalin? About Stalin at least, Jacob had to admit, Max had been right all along.

Not right, Jacob assured himself, shaking his head, as if trying to awake from a nightmare, *only correct, which is a horse of a different color.* But meanwhile he had still to contact Max about Louie Himmelfarb's Yom Kippur, to invite him and be refused, to run the risk of being laughed at, reminded in shame of his past. He would call him (Jacob decided, walking rapidly away from the jewelry store), that was the solution; for over the telephone all things were bearable—even Max remembering in malice the story that Jacob had told him in trust, the story that Jacob always told this time of the year to anyone who would listen.

He would begin by recalling how young he had been, no more than 14 at most, and in Verenskaya still, the town in which he had been born and had never, until that moment, left. Yet he had already begun to contemplate escaping to America; for he had known that the pious householders would catch up with him soon, those gullible Jews who had been supplying him with "days"—putting food into his mouth, turn and turn about, on the understanding that he was continuing his study of the *Torah*. "A boy who knows," the oldest and kindliest of them—a rich lumber merchant—had liked to say, pinching his cheek hard, "a boy who remembers. 'He who remembers hastens the coming of the Messiah.' "

But what had the young Jacob been remembering in fact—slipping off from the *Beth Midrash* to read *Werther* and Heine's poems and, worst of all, *Sanine*: a grubby little boy still but already a traitor, ridden by concupiscence and pride, and justifying himself to himself with dreams of recognition in the great Gentile world outside. Meanwhile, however, he had remained inside, among those he loved and pained—not yet daring to be a rebel, only a sneak. But that year at least he had openly refused for the first time to accompany his father to *Kol Nidre*, taking advantage of the beginning of the Yom Kippur holiday to sit at home over a copy of George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* in Hebrew translation.

Dreaming himself, as he idly scanned the pages, a rich and handsome aristocrat, pursued by blonde Englishwomen but preferring to any of them an unfortunate daughter of his own people (oddly like, in his fantasy, the little girl he had passed often on his way to and from the outdoor toilet in the courtyard, but to whom he had never said a single word)—he had been overcome suddenly by a hunger more imperative than his still theoretical lust; and he had ransacked the house until he had found a hard heel of bread. Aware as he had bit into it (drooling a little on to a picture of Daniel sadly contemplating the beautiful Gwendolyn Harleth at the gaming tables) that it was a fast day, the most solemn of fast days, he had continued his avid chomping all the same—having known that it did not matter in a world where the God of his fathers was dead and the heritage of his fathers abandoned forever. It had been as if he were already stepping off the gangplank of a ship in New York.

Even after he had become aware of his mother in the doorway, watching him in horror, one hand to her heart, he had not stopped; but had turned to her straight on, his jaws moving still, his teeth grinding into the forbidden food. "*Shegetz*," she had cried, "It's Yom Kippur. What are you doing? What are you thinking? Murderer, you're killing me, you're killing your mother. My blood will be on your hands. Esau."

But she had not died of Jacob's broken Yom Kippur, of course; living, as a matter of fact, through his flight to America, his marriage and the death of his daughter—or rather through the shadow of these events transmitted in scanty letters and poor snapshots; living to the age of 93 or 94, which was to say, long enough to have been gassed (along with Jacob's father, his two sisters, the lumber merchant, the girl in the courtyard) in the ovens of Belsen, her blood (like all of theirs) on someone else's hands.

Now, however, Jacob was in Plainsville, not Verenskaya, in a phonebooth in the Save-More Drugstore; and Max's voice was thundering in his ear, somehow startling him (had he been banking, then, on not finding Max in, on escaping scot-free?), "What? What? Spit it out already."

"I'm in a drugstore phonebooth," Jacob informed him, unwilling really to begin. "This is Jacob Moskowitz."

"I know. I know. How many accents like yours do we have in Plainsville? Thank God, not many." He bellowed at his own intended joke so loud Jacob had to lift the

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receiver away from his ear.

"It's—It's about Louie," he managed to say at last. "I'll make it short and sweet." And then he was into it, Max groaning and blustering and guffawing as the tale unfolded, but unable to stop him before he had finished.

"The answer is no," Max roared at the end. "N—O, no! This is superstition, craziness. I won't have any part of it. I won't touch it. I won't be responsible. So what the hell is Yom Kippur all of a sudden, a medieval hangover, a— a— I don't know *what*."

"But Louie wants it this way," Jacob protested. "That's the point."

"Never mind what Louie wants, professor—a dying man, out of his head. What's *good* for him, that's the question. And what's good for him is rest, absolute quiet. So put your foot down, be a man, say *no*. If not, I'll call the hospital myself, I'll speak to his doctor personally, I'll do everything in my power to—"

On which Jacob clicked down the receiver, saying into the dead phone, "To hell with you and your power!" He was through with Max, he assured himself—this time forever; but he did not believe it. And he burned still with indignation, walking past the racks of deodorants and perfumes and candy boxes and cough medicines and paperback books that seemed to him a deliberate offense to everything he had ever dreamed for the world. For an instant, he even contemplated stumbling into an overstacked rack, bringing the whole display down around him, but contented himself with slamming the glass door of the drugstore hard enough to bring the clerk behind the prescription counter out of his late afternoon doze.

OUTSIDE IT WAS A LITTLE BETTER—the town square shadowed heavily now, as the sun declined, by the double row of dying elms which surrounded it; and the faces of shoppers and businessmen almost peaceful as they hurried toward home. *But I am a stranger here still*, Jacob found himself thinking, his back braced against the white and green bandstand, his eye idly seeking the frieze of stone corn sheaves on the façade of the courthouse. *To what home can I return?* All at once he felt himself really *in* America, as a man is aware of himself *in* a prison or a deserted house: at the dead center of a square town, in the very middle of a square state (no meandering river or broken mountain range, but only the surveyor's plumbline having defined its boundaries), at the geographical midpoint of the United States. He evoked in his head a map of the whole country, blocked out in red and yellow and green, with black diagonals raying out from the point where he stood toward the four corners of the nation, northeast, northwest, southeast, southwest—Maine, Washington, Florida, California.

And how many Jews, he asked himself, would such lines intersect on their various ways to the sea? If you meant *real* Jews, Jews like his father or his father's father, none, he supposed, not a single one. And even making the definition broad enough to include, say, Max, Louie, himself and the Professor of Anglo-Saxon, how many? A dozen? Twenty? His heart dropped, and he could taste his bile even as he raised a hand in heedless greeting to some passerby who hailed him.

He tried to imagine across which of his fictional trajectories his own daughter would be moving now, had she lived—running to answer the phone, maybe, or to still a baby's crying, or to turn down the flame under a pot. But what kind of a Jew would she have been in any case, a *status quo* kid from her first day in school—begging to be allowed to go to the Episcopalian Church for dancing classes, to the Lutheran Church for the meetings of some girls' club, secretly writing (and winning first prize, of course) an essay for the American Legion Contest on "Why I am Proud to Call Myself an American." It had been partly his own fault, he knew, for having yielded to Leah, for having called their daughter "Catherine" rather than "Rachel"—a Saint's name rather than his grandmother's. And who would she have fooled, anyhow, with "Moskowitz" for a last name?

Unbidden and unwelcome, a memory assailed Jacob. He had been coming home from the Animal House, tired but uncustomarily elated for reasons he could no longer recall—perhaps only because of a certain slant of light through the leaves of the maple trees; and he had seen Catherine walking toward him (*how old could she have been? nine? ten?*), arm in arm with two other girls, Gentiles naturally, but she as blonde as the others (*and how could that have been, his daughter blonde?*) and laughing quite as mindlessly (*and why not, since she was not even a Jew?*) When, however, catching her eye, he had stretched out his arms preparing an embrace, she had quickly pulled her companions around a corner to avoid the encounter. "Hey," he had heard one of them yell, "This is the wrong way," and his daughter had answered, "It's a short-cut."

He had not even mentioned the incident to her, of course, but she had known that he knew—and had been ashamed of the shame she could not help feeling at his speech, his gestures, his unredeemable foreignness. And yet there had been some people, perfect strangers, who said he resembled Albert Einstein. But what had she known about Albert Einstein? Had he ever mentioned the name to her, ever really talked to her about anything important at all? He had only demanded of her: *Love me, love me!*, as if he were a father like the fathers in her schoolbooks, like the father of Dick and Jane. And when she had failed in that love, he had reproached her with silence—he who had found words for everything else.

Her, too, a word might have helped, a word he had not known, or had been unable to speak. It would not have kept her alive, of course, but still— Raising his arthritic fingers to his face, he could feel it burning even now; and he soothed himself, as if the man inside the face were someone else, as if only the gnarled fingers with

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which he touched it were really he. "What was so terrible?" he demanded of himself. "She ran around a corner. She was only a child." But it was not for the dead girl that his face burned in the autumnal cold.

"Fool," he said to himself aloud—remembering how often Leah had reproached him precisely for this ("People turn around in the street, like you're a show or something.")—"Why are you spanking yourself? For what? For being alive?" But he was glad to be alive really, proud to feel how his muscles responded as he slapped his arms together across his chest, doing double time in place. "The constitution of a man of forty," he reassured himself, "never mind the hands." And he thought with satisfaction of his daily regime: the cold shower to begin with, then the glass of hot water and honey, the five laps around the half-mile track, the fifty throws from the free-throw line (and how few shots missed!), all before his day's work had started.

"Not like Max," he told himself, "with his two heart attacks and his doctor's orders to quit smoking. Or Louie dying by inches in a hospital bed. At least I'm alive. All things are possible still—even at 70." And he headed for St. Cyprian's quickly, quickly, avoiding all further thought.

EVEN BEFORE HE HAD REACHED LOUIE'S ROOM (averting his eyes from the starched nun in white, fingering her rosary at the reception desk; hunching in on himself in the elevator to avoid contact with the farmers in uncustomary neckties, their strangulated red faces looming far above his; pressing against the back wall to escape their inadequately girdled wives, whose bulging flesh left him scarcely room enough to stand in and whose cheap perfume made his head reel; trying hard not to breathe the air of the corridors, whose antiseptic sweetness seemed to him to emanate from the holy pictures hung along them: the insipid Virgins and the incandescent hearts), Jacob knew that everyone would be there.

He had spotted, before entering the downstairs doors, the Lincoln Continental of the underwear salesman parked at the curb, along with the green Jaguar of the Professor of Clinical Psychology and (naturally!) the Volkswagens of three other faculty members. And by the time he had fought his way out of the elevator, he could hear the cries of those already inside the room over the buzzing and humming of the student nurses who clustered about the door of 1303, craning to see in every time someone entered—as if (Jacob thought a little bitterly) an *auto-da-fé* were about to begin or a visiting tribe of Watusi about to perform native dances. Yet the smiles they gave him as he edged through their midst, these fresh-faced girls with their impossibly white teeth and their scarcely existent noses, were more congratulatory than curious, much less hostile.

"Good work," they seemed to be trying to say to Jacob, "good show, good scene!"—gratified, perhaps actually relieved, that the Jews who ordinarily moved among them in complete anonymity were being at last candidly and recognizably *Jews*.

He was not even surprised to find the lady-librarian present, her two canes leaning against Louie's bed (*and was her hearing aid on*, he wondered, *would she turn it on at all?*); or to discover, gathered together at the furthest possible remove from that bed, four large boys of 14 or 15—who later would glare across the room at their fathers, or, looking at each other covertly, barely suppress laughter. They were just the age, he could not help reminding himself, that his grandsons would now be—had his daughter lived, married and born male children. *Some grandsons!* he thought (though not without envy all the same), taking in the crew cuts of three of them, the long untrimmed hair, collar length, of the other; the athletic sweaters, complete with high school letters, of two; the shameless shirt-sleeves of a third, and the black leather motorcycle jacket of the fourth; the simian crouch and slack Marlon Brando mouths of them all.

"Well, look who's here," he found himself saying in their general direction. "You thought maybe there was a ball-game or the Beatles on television?"

To which one of them responded (Jacob could not even tell whom in the surrounding hubbub), "HA-HA-HA! Big joke."

He *had* been astonished, however, at the presence of Miles Standdish, Professor of Cost Accounting, Administrative Assistant to the President of the University and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Air Force Reserve—a man who had never before confessed to being a Jew, and whom Jacob had certainly not invited. He and Standdish would pass each other sometimes on Sunday mornings: Jacob out for a little air, in sweat shirt and logging boots; Standdish with Homburg hat, impossibly pointed shoes, and a daughter clinging to either hand—on the way, Jacob had learned, to the Methodist Sunday School. The brief greetings they had exchanged on such occasions had been their only communication up to that moment; but now Standdish was taking Jacob warmly by the hand and crying—his eye on Louie, who still sat propped up against his pillows in bed, "A solemn event. Wouldn't have missed it for the world. Almost brought my daughters along, but they're a little too young yet, I'm afraid."

Oich mir a Yid, Jacob had wanted to cry out. *Everyone wants to get in on the act.* But he chose silence instead, striking the grizzled side of his head with the heel of his palm, and thinking, "Of course, Miles Standdish with two d's. How could I have missed it? A dead giveaway." And with those dark eyes, that long melancholy nose, what had he thought Standdish was anyhow—an Indian?

"Would you be kind enough to introduce me?" Standdish asked then, taking Jacob by the elbow and guiding him to the foot of Louie's bed. "I've never had the pleasure."

"Certainly," Jacob answered. "Why not? It's a free

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country." But he had not really wanted to confront Louie close up, he realized as he approached, had not really wanted to learn how much more wasted his friend had grown in the two days since Jacob's last visit. Yet he looked now without flinching into the dimness of Louie's pale eyes, at the flaccidity of Louie's grey jowls and the grey stubble that covered them, at the pallor of his hairy nostrils and ears, the tenuosity of the fleshless cords in his neck; and he thought: *You will be like this, Jacob, my life's companion, in how long? Another five years, ten at the most.*

Aloud he said, "Louie, how do you feel? How are you? Tell me the truth." But without waiting for an answer (what could he have done with the truth?), only lifting briefly between his the cold hand that lay on the coverlet, trembling as if it wanted to rise and could not, Jacob continued. "This is Miles Standdish, Louie. Miles Standdish. Louis Himmelfarb." He was speaking too softly, he knew, to reach what spirit survived behind the wreck of Louie's eyes; yet he could not bring himself to shout.

"What?" Louie asked weakly. "Jake, what are you saying?"

"Miles Standdish," Jacob repeated, forcing himself this time to yell. "MILES STANDDISH."

"It's Yom Kippur," Louie responded, as if his friend had been making a bad joke. "Have a little respect."

"You see," Jacob said to no one in particular, turning away as he spoke first from Louie, then from Standdish, who giggled nervously. "You see how it is."

YET A FEW MINUTES LATER, Louis Himmelfarb was on his feet ("The Age of Miracles is not over," Miles Standdish whispered, leaning to Jacob's ear. "I only wish I had brought my daughters after all."), supporting himself with the lightest of pressures—thumb and fingertips barely touching the surface of the improvised altar: a bedside table on which the scrolls of the *Torah* had been set in their jacket of blue and silver, and a prayerbook had been spread out, open to the proper page. His narrow shoulders were wrapped in an immense prayer shawl, its white yellowed with age; and a tiny *yamelke* sat on the very back of his pointed skull.

But it was the sight of his legs that moved Jacob especially: his thin bare legs descending from a too-large plaid bathrobe into too-large furtopped slippers, and giving somehow the impression that they were connected neither with a real body nor with real feet; that only these two frail tubes, these tallow-yellow stalks joined the trembling head which sang with the earth from which it had come and to which—soon, soon—it would return; that Louie had ceased, so close to his death, to be a man and had become a flower, or rather an unlovely weed, a weed that sang. For sing he did, his voice rising out of and falling back into the confused hum that surrounded him—the whispers and throat-clearings, the titters and coughs—in the traditional cadences of the opening lines of *Kol Nidre*.

Louie did not begin the chant itself, however, until he had drawn to his side Jacob and the underwear salesman (who could limp along, at least, always a syllable or two behind the others, in the Aramaic) to repeat with him the traditional preliminary prayer.

In the tribunal of heaven and the tribunal of earth, by the permission of God, Blessed be He, and by the permission of this holy congregation, we hold it lawful to pray with the transgressors.

Once perhaps it had been fitting and proper, Jacob thought, to make such a declaration for the sake of certain returning *Marranos*, apostate Jews who, on the Days of Awe, would slip secretly into the synagogues to beg God's forgiveness beside their publicly abjured brethren. What avail was it now, however, when not a few interlopers but the whole congregation were apostates, and no God sat in the empty courts of heaven to forgive or to blame?

Better to listen than to speculate, Jacob told himself; for Louie had already begun to chant—his voice moving up and down, in and out and around the first two words of the ancient plaint, whose sense barely survived the elaboration of the song. *And what did the sense matter anyhow?* Jacob could not help asking himself, despite his resolve to listen without thought. *Who could make head or tail really of this involved legalistic quibble, this fuel for anti-semitic fires?*

Kol nid.....re. Ah.....
Kol nidre.....Ah.....
Kol.....nid.....re.....
Ah.....Kol nidre.....

On the final *nidre* Louie stopped mid-course, his voice quavering to a break, squawking into silence, and his finger pointing to the wall over the bedside table-altar. "Who—" he began once, then "What—" and finally, "Take it down," he said dramatically, "Get it out of here. Somebody do something."

The "it" he could not bring himself to name was a crucifix, which—tilting his head back in the fervor of his prayer— Louie had just noticed for the first time: a particular garish Christ on the cross, carved in wood, and painted so that each of his five wounds was defined in a color redder than any blood ever shed in fact for his sake or in his name.

How stupid of me, Jacob thought, taking the idol of the Gentiles into his arms (for only he had moved at Louie's behest, the younger men standing about speechless, shocked perhaps or amused, as he had clambered first on to a chair, then the bed itself to reach the crucifix); *how benighted to tremble touching the statue of a dead Jewish boy—or a dead Jewish myth, what difference did it make. To be sure, other Jews had died at the hands of goyim carrying this image; but there was always some excuse for killing Jews, was there not?* "Enough," he admonished himself, unable to stay the quaking of his terrified flesh.

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"In the bathroom," Louie said then, spitting contemptuously into the air without looking around, though knowing somehow that Jacob stood right behind him, locked still in an ambiguous embrace with the wooden cross. "Through there." He indicated the direction with a jerk of his shoulder. "Lay it down on the floor. Cover it up with a towel."

A couple of the boys had started to giggle, and someone (the Professor of Anglo-Saxon?) was beginning a protest which trailed away into silence. "What kind of abysmal nonsense is this?" he was saying. "What sort of primitive—"

But before he could finish or Jacob cry out in disingenuous response, "From this 'abysmal nonsense' we've been dying for 2000 years," Louie was insisting again, "The bathroom. Right over there. Hurry up already. It'll be *shevuos* before you're through."

"I'm hurrying," Jacob answered, feeling the awkwardness of his crippled fingers. "I'm hurrying as fast as I can. But why doesn't somebody give me a hand?"

Only Standdish had come forward, however, even then; and he had been more trouble than help really: wedging his arm of the crucifix against the door-jamb, stumbling over the sill, crying out unnecessary encouragement and useless instructions.

Inside the bathroom, he had taken out a handkerchief to mop his forehead. "Phew," he said. "This is what I call hot work."

"So why am I shivering?" Jacob asked, bending to the cross with a concealing towel. "Answer me that."

But Standdish ignored the question, perhaps never even heard it. "Like my father," he went on instead. "He reminds me of my father. The spitting image. Unbelievable." He wagged his head incredulously.

"What's unbelievable?" Jacob responded, genuinely bewildered. "Who reminds you of your father? This one maybe?" He touched with the tip of one toe the horizontal and swathed Christ at their feet, peaceful as a sleeper or a corpse beneath the blanket of toweling.

"What are you talking about?" Standdish cried, obviously offended. "I mean Louie. Louis Himmelfarb reminds me of my father."

"You mean your father couldn't read Hebrew right either?" *True enough, Louie made a hash of the traditional text; but what reason was that for being so bitter to this poor fool, this nothing?* "What's eating me anyhow?" Jacob asked himself. "What do I want from this day?" Looking toward Miles Standdish, he saw that he knelt now before the toilet bowl, puking and retching; and "Don't try to make it easy for yourself!" he cried, astonished at the rage betrayed in his voice, the utter lack of sympathy. "Nothing's that easy. So much I can tell you."

"Please," Standdish seemed to be trying to say, "please." But Jacob was already on his way out, letting the spring-door bang shut behind him.

IN THE NEXT ROOM, Louie had begun again, louder this time—the beads of sweat standing out distinct and silvery on his pale forehead; and if he swayed, it was not from side to side in weakness, but forward and back as his ancestors had always done in the urgency of prayer. He was, perhaps, not so much actually praying as acting praying—imitating the style of the famous cantor Yussele Rosenblatt, or still worse, of Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer"; yet it did not matter. The words were said, however approximately, the tune rendered, however inadequately.

> *All vows, obligations, oaths and anathemas, whether called konam, konas, or by any other name, which we may vow, or swear, or pledge, or whereby we may be bound, from this Day of Atonement until the next (whose happy coming we await), we do repent . . .*

From what vows, however, subscribed to in anguish and terror, from what compelled apostasies and desperate baptisms did this overfed and contented crew need a God to deliver them, Jacob wondered, watching his fellows in the waning daylight. Self-conscious under the little black skull caps and in the fringed prayer shawls Louie had forced on them—bending painfully to a cardboard box under his bed—they fingered the pages of their prayer books vaguely, in half-hearted search of the right place; or reached out to embrace their squirming sons in an act of reassurance in which neither party believed; or simply shuffled and stared like the members of a guided tour coming on real worshippers in a double-starred church.

He would translate the *Kol Nidre* for them, Jacob decided, not into the equally alien English of the versions they held in their hands, but into their own real tongue; he would pray for them secretly in a brand-new service of his own—chant silently the *Kol Nidre* according to Jacob Moskowitz, which, not quite foreseeing the end, he began:

> *From the mortgages on their ranch-style, split-level houses; from their sales contracts for washing machines, TV sets, garbage-disposal units, air-conditioners, electric lawnmowers, new cars and heated swimming pools; from their oaths of allegiance to Kiwanis and Rotary, the Masons and the state that pays them their salaries; from their unpaid dues to the N.A.A.C.P., the A.D.A., the League of Women Voters, the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Association of University Professors; from their pledges to the U.J.A., the Community Chest and all funds for the Victims of Polio, Heart Disease, Muscular Dystrophy and Tuberculosis, plus other afflictions too numerous to mention—from all these, Oh Lord, deliver them.* Oi Gottenu, *deliver me. Let them be null, void, and of no effect. Amen.*

Looking up, Jacob saw that Louie's mouth no longer

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moved, that both their services had ended at the same moment; and that Louie—all the false strength he had mustered suddenly failing him—was sagging now against Miles Standdish's arm, on his way back to bed. Meanwhile the others were preparing to leave, calling out farewells in absurdly hushed voices, pushing forward to touch Louie's hand, bending to deposit caps and shawls in the cardbox from which they had come; and on every one of their faces embarrassment was giving way to relief.

It was only Jacob's eye that Louie's sought, however, only Jacob he signalled to approach, once he had tucked himself painfully back into bed. And drawing Jacob down to him (his breath thin and sour), he whispered, "Get him out!"—meaning, of course, Standdish, who lingered and lingered, as if eager to say what could under no circumstances have been spoken.

"I'm leaving right now," Standdish said, having overheard Louie's urgent request. "I can take a hint as well as the next guy." Then, abandoning all show of resentment (*how dapper he looked*, Jacob thought, *and possessed, no trace left of his crisis in the bathroom*), he added, "God bless you and thanks."

"For what?" Louie muttered. "For what is he thanking me?" And only after Standdish was through the door, the door closed behind him, did he manage to say—speaking with difficulty now, "They'll remember, Yankel. They'll never forget."

For one troubled moment, Jacob believed his friend had intended an assertion, a boast; but Louie's weakly lifted hand indicated the question, the plea his voice had not been quite able to register.

"They'll remember," he tried again. "They'll—" this time failing even to finish the phrase, much less attain the pitch of interrogation.

And now Jacob answered, "Certainly, they'll remember. Who could forget." Then, as if even this were not enough to make amends for his momentary doubts, he added a second lie to the first, shouting it from the doorway. "Tomorrow. I'll see you tomorrow, Louie. Right after work."

Daring to touch his own face only when his back was turned on Louie, Jacob learned that he wept.

But now the nurses were hustling into the room, bearing bedpans and charts, thermometers and opiates; switching on lights (*how had it grown so dark*, Jacob wondered, *without his having noticed?*); cranking down the head of the bed and plumping up the pillows under the dying man. "Sh!" they hissed at Jacob, an admonitory finger held to each pair of lips, as he tried to speak to his friend once more through the open door; and "Sh!" their starched skirts repeated the susurration.

"But I still have to—" Jacob began, not sure how he intended to finish.

"No!" the youngest of the nurses whispered, "not now." And moving on noiseless rubber soles, she silently closed the door in his face.

THANK GOD! he thought, *just in time;* for at that very instant he saw Max Schultheis pumping down the hall toward him on short, thick legs—his jaw, blueblack with unshaveable beard, bobbing against the cushions of his lower chins; and his beaked nose cutting the air before him like the prow of a warship. *A caricature out of "Der Stürmer,"* Jacob told himself, ashamed all the same at the revulsion that rose in him, *an insult to the Jewish people. He ought to be locked up, hidden away at least until the last anti-semite is dead.*

Max, however, was already bellowing, with complete disregard for his surroundings, the little signs everywhere which read: SILENCE PLEASE, "You're proud of yourself, I suppose. You had to go through with it, even if it killed him. For what, that's all I'm asking you, for *what? Nu, chochem*, answer me!"

Surely his own accent was not so gross, Jacob assured himself, so essentially comic; surely, everything did not become in his mouth, too, a burlesque routine. And he tried to listen to himself answering, "Nobody's dead, so why are you yelling?"

"Nobody's dead," Max repeated scornfully, his voice dropping a notch. "But Louie's dying, am I right, as good as dead. That's what they told me at the desk only two minutes ago. They didn't even want to let me up to see him—*me*, his closest friend."

"Louie's been dying for six months, ain't it?" Jacob demanded, aggrieved. "So why all of a sudden is today the day to get excited. Are you accusing somebody of something, or what? Go blame the cancer, his *mazel*, his genes. But leave me alone, do you hear. I've had enough for one day, even Yom Kippur. I want to go home." Pressing himself against the wall, Jacob attempted to squeeze past Max, who stood between him and the elevators, legs spread wide, elbows crooked, fists at his hips.

Max would not let him by, however; but grabbing him by the shoulders, whirled him around, hollering, "Listen to the *chochem* now. He wants to go home. *Home*. Can Louie go home, answer me that. Can he even get up out of his bed to pee, can he lift his head up from the pillow? I'll tell you the answer, *chochem*. No! And why not?" He pointed his stubby finger at a spot between Jacob's still inky-black eyebrows and his ruff of grey hair. "Because you had to have your goddamned Yom Kippur. The sage of Plainsville. A new prophet in Israel. Well, you had it. And you killed him. You and nobody else."

"Me?" Jacob asked mildly, astonished now out of all rage. "*My* Yom Kippur? *I* killed him?"

Yet why should he have been surprised. It was the story of his life, was it not, to be always on trial and always accused of the same crime—of murder to be exact? And where there was so much smoke, surely there must be a little fire.

That he had killed somebody, everyone agreed, differing only on the question of who had been his victim. According to his mother it had been herself (*Why had he*

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bit into that heel of bread?); according to his wife, his own daughter (*why had he not been earning more money, so they could have called in a specialist?*); according to his own conscience, his wife (*why had he never learned how to talk to her, how to touch her in bed?*); according to the whole Gentile world, God himself in human form (*why had he not cried out against the Rabbis while there had still been time?*). But Louie at least was still alive, was he not? This charge certainly he did not have to endure.

"Louie's alive," he shouted into Max's face, "so what are you talking about? Why am I even listening to you?"

"Alive," Max echoed him mockingly. "Everything is called alive. You stick in the thermometer, it says ninety-eight point six—he's alive. But for how much longer, professor, that's the question. Five minutes more maybe? Ten?"

"Let's say five minutes," Jacob agreed. "But instead of what? What could he expect at the best? Two days? Three? Make it a lot, make it a week. He said *Kol Nidre*, he lost a week. To him it was worth it. To me it's worth it, too. Hell's bells, what's a *week*?"

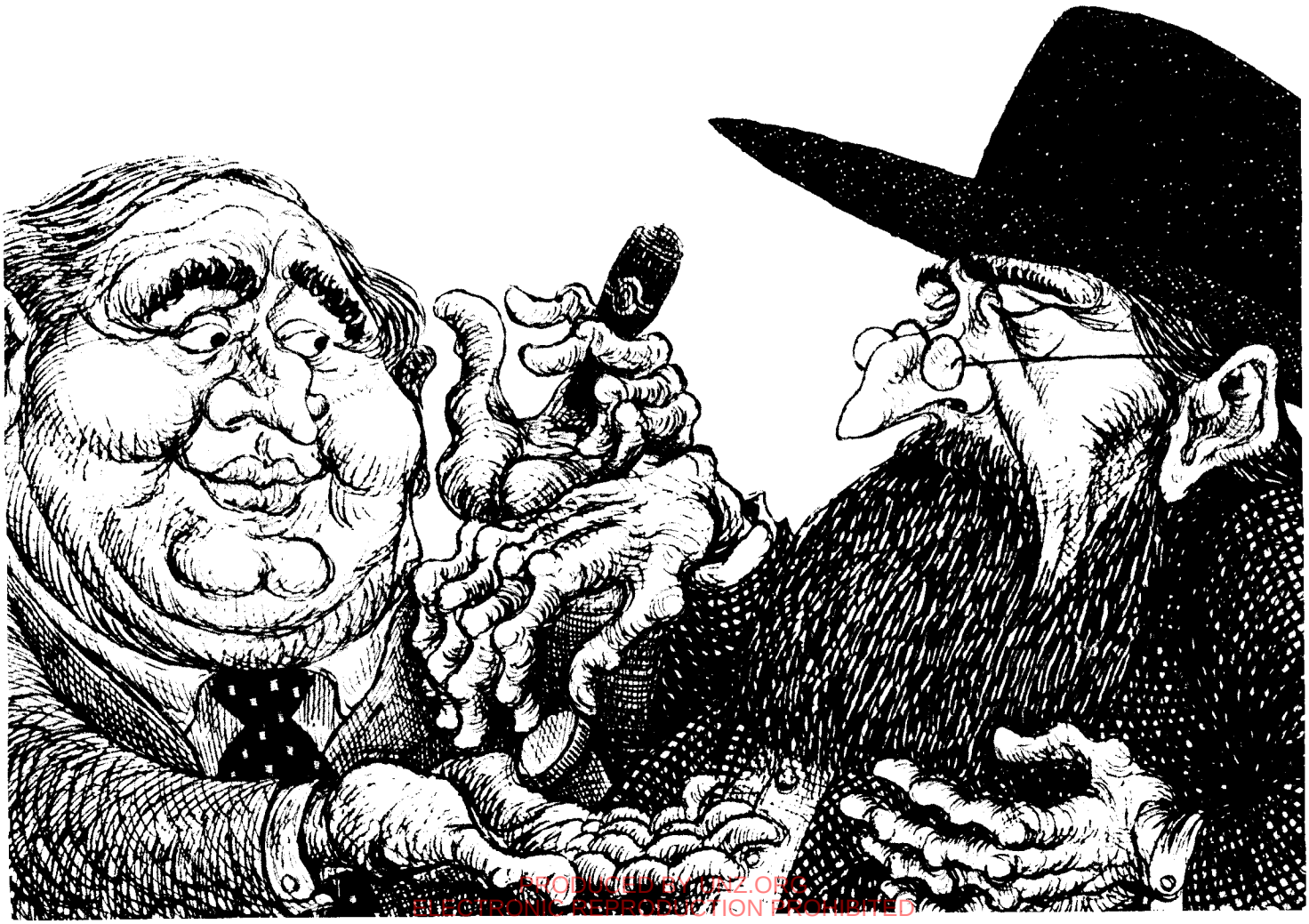
"Everything," Max answered, resting one hand on the layer of fat that girdled his faltering heart. "I'm not a well man myself and I know a week of life is worth everything."

But now it was Jacob's turn to take up the word scornfully. "Life," he said. "You call it life to come home to a lonely room, to lay in bed until a bell rings on a clock; to get up, to sweat for a few lousy dollars, to sit in front of the TV set until it's time to lay in bed again—day after day for 75 years. Then one day you wake up screaming, you go to the doctor—cancer! That's life according to you?"

"That's all there is," Max said, wagging his head until his jowls trembled. "You want your money back? Or maybe you got something better to recommend—a superior article?"

"There's always the World-to-Come," Jacob answered him. "Worse than this one it couldn't be." But how had that phrase ever occurred to him: the World-to-Come, a word out of his father's vocabulary, a concept out of another time? He knew as well as anybody, did he not, that a man lived only once, and that once was more than enough. But in an argument you could end up saying anything, even this.

Max, however, had picked up the phrase immediately, would never let him forget it. "The World-to-Come," he kept saying over and over, "the World-to-Come!" meanwhile laughing and beating his thighs with the flat of his



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palm. "I'll be frank with you, my friend, for ten cents I'd sell you my share—free and clear, no strings attached."

"Make it a nickel," Jacob replied, feeling that coin between his fingers as he thrust his hand deep into the pocket of the oversize hound's-tooth sport jacket he wore, a hand-me-down from his wealthy brother-in-law, "and you've got yourself a deal."

"Done," Max cried, holding out a fat palm for the money; and when Jacob had smacked the nickel hard down into it, "Believe me," he said, "it's the first profitable piece of business I've done all week. You'd think somebody put up a measles sign in front of the store. But here in St. Cyprian's Hospital, I've got myself five cents in good American money, and you, professor, you've got—" He could not finish for laughing, almost losing the coin as he raised his hand to wipe his tearing eyes.

"I've got your share in the World-to-Come," Jacob finished for him, "invisible but guaranteed."

And that was the end; for an irate nurse had already been herding them toward the elevator, which they rode together to the ground floor—heads averted, eyes cast down, not speaking a word.

JACOB HAD NEVER FELT LONELIER than he did that night after getting home, and—having turned on the gasflame under a pot of Campbell's chicken noodle soup—settling back into the single easy chair in his tiny living room, his shoeless feet on the hassock piled high with a week's worth of unread newspapers. His rented house had always depressed him, even before Leah had died. A three-room bungalow, more suitable for a vacation than for a whole life, it squatted at the back of an ill-kept yard behind a larger brick house: an afterthought of the improvident owners, without even a proper path to its front door or a proper number for its address.

What a disgrace to have lived for over 20 years at 769 1/2 Evans Street, a half-man in a half-house. And without the familiar noises of Leah in the kitchen, without the smell of food already cooking to greet him at the day's end, Jacob could sustain no sense of elation inside its flimsy walls. Yet here he was, a man with not one but *two* shares in eternity, two portions in the World-to-Come.

"Well, let it *come* then," he said aloud, hugging himself against the drafts that seeped from every direction through the uninsulated plasterboards into which he could not even drive a nail. "I'm more than ready." He should really have turned up the space-heater, he supposed, or at least lit a living room lamp to help dissipate the gloom; but the dim light that leaked in from the kitchen illuminated sufficiently what he was not eager to see in any case: the shabby rug, the shabbier furniture (which he dusted all the same twice a week), and, just below the curtainless window with its cracked green shades, a box of Louie's treasures—confided to him over a month before, but still unpacked, unexamined.

Jacob was sure without looking he knew what it contained: a few albums of 78 r.p.m. records, most of them scratched or cracked (some once-celebrated cantor singing *Eli, Eli*, Molly Picon doing a forgotten song from a forgotten Jewish musical comedy, a handful of jokey dialect records, "Cohen on the Telephone" among them no doubt); a few dusty books (two or three volumes each out of the collected works of Peretz and Sholem Aleichem, a half-dozen army-issue Hebrew prayer books in paper covers, a life of Chaim Weizmann and perhaps of Abba Eban as well); the stray paraphernalia of Jewish Holidays (a *dredel*, an eight-branched *menorah* manufactured in Israel, maybe even a *shofar*: a ram's horn, polished and scalloped on the edges, to blow in the New Year).

Pitiful enough, this jetsam left by the ebbing of a great faith; but how could he afford to despise it, Jacob asked himself, when in the book cases behind him were preserved the equally trivial remnants of another religion that had shaken the world, and to which (for how many decades?) he himself had subscribed: John Strachey's *The Coming Struggle for Power*, Maurice Hindus' *Red Bread* and Emile Burns' *Principles of Marxism*; an anthology called *Proletarian Literature in the United States* and Clara Weatherwax's *Marching! Marching!*, winner of the first (and only) New Masses award for fiction. His collected Lenin, Leah had burned in their own furnace during the worst of the McCarthy days.

"*Oi*," he groaned aloud, stretching and bending his crooked fingers and thrilling at the delicious pain that shot through him from their calcified joints, "*Rebbenishe!*" He walked slowly into the kitchen, turned off the light under his boiling soup; then, without even tasting it, returned to his chair.

He should not sit here alone, of that he was certain, remembering, resenting, feeling sorry for himself. Of this (he knew) you died, if, indeed, it was not death already. Beginning soon, immediately, the first of the week, he would walk the streets right after supper (he would start eating supper again—*that* at least); he would ring the doorbells of his Jewish colleagues, brave the anger of their Gentile wives; he would sit and talk to someone for a change, become human once more. And why not; for he had something to give as well as to ask—especially in the households with little children. In a country that hid the old away in Centers for Senior Citizens, a world without grandfathers, he would become a kind of portable grandfather, a door-to-door link with the past.

HE CAST UP IN HIS MIND an inventory of what he could offer the children, what he could teach them that they would not find at the Y or Boy Scouts or the Little League. He could play *pishe-paishe*, to begin with, best of all card-games for the very young; run the whole gamut of Cat's Cradle, from the Cradle itself to the Spider; make with a handkerchief a rabbit that would jump; do tricks with a piece

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of string on his fingers, around his neck, in his buttonhole; tickle the palms of small hands to the tune of *miezele-mazele-tik-tik;* tell a version of "The Princess on the Glass Hill" that he had heard from his own grandfather in the Old Country, another world. But best of all, he could be for the descendants of vanished, incredible Jews, a Jew in real life, a tangible fact. "Next week," he promised himself, trying desperately to believe it, "the first of the week, I will start."

And just then the phone rang, loud in the almost empty house, rang once, twice, three times—Jacob's heart leaping with each peal of the bell. *It's about Louie*, he thought. *It's the hospital to say that Louie is dead.* But when, lifting the receiver to his ear, he heard Max's voice, he knew that it was not about Louie at all but about something else, for word of which (without daring to confess it to himself) he had been waiting the whole time, hushed in the cold and the dark.

Max must have talked to his wife (as Jacob had, in secret even from his conscious self, foreseen), must have told her in intended jest about the bargain he had struck with Jacob, the fool; must have laughed and laughed, until, looking up, he had seen the horror in her slack mouth, her watery eyes—seen her hand helplessly sketching on her breast the sign of the cross, which he had forbidden her ever to make in his presence. "On your own," Jacob had heard him yell at her once, "in private, do what you want. Who cares. Go to Church even. But when I'm around, absolutely *no!*"

In his inner ear, Jacob could hear how she must have pleaded with Max, wringing her puffy hands, looking down at her puffy ankles. "For God's sake, husband, not with your eternal soul. It's not a joke Max, not to me. So for my sake, if not God's or your own, I beg you, buy it back. To humor me. Now. Tonight. Jacob will understand. He yells but he has a good heart." She would have been talking Russian, of course, as always when frightened or deeply moved; and in Russian she seemed less a stuffed dummy, almost human.

"I do have a good heart," Jacob wanted to cry out in answer to her imaginary praise. But he was finally not so sure; for he imagined himself next listening to Max, who, overwhelmed by God knows what surge of superstitious terror from what buried depths of his soul, would have answered, also in Russian (his own uncertain Russian, lapsing always into Yiddish): "All right. Agreed. I'll make him an offer. 'It was a joke; it went too far. Come to the office; take back your nickel. Finished.' But if, with his good heart, he tries to make a *tzimmes*, if he says one word, I'll hang up in his ear. That I promise you. Because, mind you, to me this whole thing is foolishness—World-to-Come, eternal soul, complete *mishigas.*"

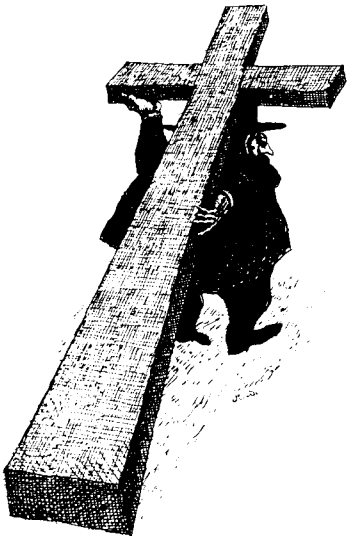
On all this, however, Jacob had only eavesdropped in fancy, hearing in reality nothing but Max's voice on the telephone insisting over and over, "This is Max. Max Schultheis. Are you there? Can you hear me? This is Max. Are you deaf or something?"

"I hear you," Jacob said at last, ready for his two worlds to come together, for the comedy to be done. "I recognize the voice. So what do you want?"

"You know damn well what I want, Professor," Max bellowed. "Do I have to dot the 'i's' and cross the 't's'?"

"I'm not a mind-reader," Jacob answered. "If you want something, spit it out."

But he had already set the receiver down on the hassock before him, pulled on the lamp above his head, and spread out yesterday's newspaper on his knees; for he knew now not only what Max would ask, but also what (when the squawking on the other end of the line had ceased) he would say in return.



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Ephemera

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Ed,

I am immensely embarrassed that you should consider publishing Max Geismar's article on me at all, since it really looks bad to have one Senior Editor writing so laudably about another. I hope you will not do this, Ed, if you can gracefully get out of it. If you should decide to, then *please,* for that issue take my name off the masthead. This piece, with our two names on the masthead, looks too much like mutual back-slapping.

Please, no kidding, if you can gracefully get out of it, don't run this Geismar bit . . . it is too generous and embarrassing.

John [GRIFFIN]

Dear Ed,

You know, the interesting thing about the whole discussion about printing that piece on Howard Griffin in RAMPARTS is that it never occurred to me that it would be wrong, or that there was any kind of back-scratching involved here — since I don't think there is. John and I have nothing to gain from each other, in any personal sense whatsoever, except for each of us to gain some kind of insight and support in the areas of our own writing, and that's it.

so infatuated each other . . .

Of course, conventionally, he is altogether right: it might look bad in any conventional magazine for two Senior Editors to be so infatuated with each other —at least, on my part, in my high regard for John Howard Griffin as an artist. But this does not prevent, I think, my own kind of objectivity about his work: my regard for that makes me, in a sense, almost too severe about his *not* writing, as the piece says, for even the worthiest of moral causes.

And RAMPARTS has never been a conventional magazine, and John Howard Griffin is not a conventional writer, and I hope to god I have never been, am not, and never will be a conventional critic.

So this problem just never occurred to me, and RAMPARTS is the logical place for this piece — which I am proud of — and I hope you will print it . . . I could add that I have never been a Senior Editor of another magazine, and never hope to be one, so that maybe I don't understand the etiquette about all this.

What I think is, you should decide the problem, as editor-publisher, and I will abide by your decision, and then, if it is negative, try to publish the piece somewhere else.

. . . such prudish qualms . . .

I have no qualms about it, as I also feel proud of my friendships with other contemporary American writers, and of the fact that I can be helpful to them. It seems to me that the Russian, French, Italian, etc., critics behave this way; it is only in America we have such prudish qualms about an open friendship of this type, when all the time there is so much hauling and backing, touting and pimping among mediocrities in the commercial areas of literature . . . So I say let it be printed, but will also accept your final judgment. And, of course, Griffin's. Let me know.

Max [GEISMAR]

Dear Max,

Relax, relax, relax.

I just got a letter from temperamental John who says, "I cannot stand up against two OLDER and HIGHER men, so do what you will." Ergo, we will publish the piece.

With best wishes, I am

Ed [KEATING]

JOHN GRIFFIN, PLEASE COME HOME

by Maxwell Geismar

Sitting here in my Adirondack study—while in Washington the best of our students and the boldest of their professors are protesting the evil war in Vietnam—I have been reading over my earlier essay on John Howard Griffin.

It is not too bad, really, and what I am most proud of is that this was probably

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the first critical essay to acknowledge a powerful new talent in this country — a talent which is still largely ignored by the prevailing literary establishment in the United States. But this is as it should be, of course, for our Establishment of teachers, critics, editors, composed of Cold War Liberals and refugees from communism and from McCarthyism alike, is dedicated to "safety" and to mediocrity: to such writers, I mean, as Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, John Updike, J. D. Salinger, etc.

There is nothing of the safe, the innocuous, the formalistic or the mediocre in John Howard Griffin's work, or in him. He reminds me of a Texas Balzac at times, who returns the American novel and the American novelist to the great tradition. But also note, as I said around 1958, that he is an absolutely original voice in this tradition; we have had no-

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body before like John Howard Griffin. I came across *The Devil Rides Outside* in a curious way; it was sent to me in a rather ugly paperback edition by Herbert Alexander, the editor at Pocket Books. The original work, as I learned, had been printed by the Smith Brothers in Dallas: not really the cough-drop kings, but some local oil-millionaires seeking southern culture. Partly as a result of this the *Devil* had never had national recognition in the commercial press. I read this extraordinary novel as though it had dropped from heaven — for all its demonic undertones —and with Edmund Wilson's "shock of recognition."

ll its demonic undertones. . .

People keep asking me: what does a critic *do?* and sometimes I am glad to give them Mark Twain's ready answer: "I don't know." I have met a score of persons who, after reading the Griffin essay in *American Moderns,* have gone out to get *The Devil Rides Outside,* and among these readers I have never met one who was not as astonished by and impressed with the book as I was. That particular book of mine, *Moderns,* is my critical "best-seller," running up so far to seven or eight printings — so that I assume there must be many more unknown readers and admirers of Griffin's first novel, even though it has not yet been reprinted in a hard-cover edition, which is the point of this paragraph.

I remember too that what I most clearly felt and said at the time of reading the *Devil* was, according to my more provincial prejudices, the lack of both a social context and more specifically an American identification. (I did not know then that Howard Griffin had been almost entirely educated in Europe, that he was a Catholic convert, that he had trained to become a doctor, that, fascinated by the Gregorian chants, he was a remarkable musicologist, and that, while then relatively unknown to this country, he was on intimate terms with some great figures in European philosophy, art and music. Names both esoteric and celebrated, such as Poulenc, Reverdy, Arthur Lourié, Jacques Maritain, Braque.) So that, while I had all the enthusiasm of discovering an "original," John Howard, on his part, calmly entered upon a dialogue of minds which has, gratefully for me, continued to the present time.

a remarkable sicologist . . .

But for the American "thing," Griffin's second novel, *Nuni,* was apparently not much more of a help. The story of a pro-

fessor cast out among a savage tribe of South Sea blacks, written in a series of nightmarish episodes almost like horror-slides thrown upon a white wall — Griffin was still then in his period of blindness —this little fable becomes more and more impressive to me every year. (It is not yet even in paperback, where it should obviously be; and I remember some of Griffin's sedate New England publishers shaking their heads dubiously over this fantastic charade.) For *Nuni,* written as I've suspected, in the depths of Griffin's spiritual despair, recorded the desperate effort of an isolated human being to remain himself in the midst of an absolutely dehumanizing society or culture. Was this parable also, and so deviously, directed at modern life (perhaps even American society)? And these dark fantasies of the heartless, capricious and savage black tribesmen — did they perhaps reveal something of the true Southern unconscious, even the expatriated Griffin's, about their Negro kinsmen?

In an odd way, as I have come to see now, *Nuni* was the true antecedent, the necessary revelation, almost the forming force of *Black Like Me* — the book and later the movie that finally brought John Howard Griffin into the national consciousness.

And this famous book, which started out as a journalistic "stunt" almost, and which ended up as a paperback best-seller, with sales of over a million copies as I have been told, and then became known all over Europe, and then became famous as a movie, inaugurated almost an entirely new phase in Griffin's career. Traveling through the South as a Negro, doing an article for a Negro magazine, he had, through the dramatic power of his concern and his talent, created a powerful chronicle — and a chronicle which in turn led to the deep involvement of John Howard Griffin, during these last years, with the cause of the Negro in the South at perhaps its most explosive point in history.

. . . mysterious missions of aid . . .

These were years of lecturing, at an incredible pace, all over the country, but in the turbulent South in particular; years, too, of mysterious missions of aid and relief, and of horrifying revelations about the true conditions down there. John Howard Griffin was going "American" with a vengeance, and I can think of no other contemporary novelist, except perhaps Truman Nelson of Massachusetts, who has, in this way, committed his total being, his whole life, to what is the pri-

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mary internal crisis in the national life today. But Griffin was still, and also primarily, a *writer* in my eyes, and *there* was the old question. While approving entirely of his moral fervor, and conscious of what a store of information he was gathering about his native scene, and also concerned to see how generous he was, even recklessly so, as was his nature, in the giving of his health, his time, his talent, and yes, his personal safety, to the Negro cause in the South — well, I often rebuked myself for wanting him to finish the three books which he has had in progress during this whole period of crisis.

. . . I often rebuked myself . . .

I had seen a chapter from *Scattered Shadows* in RAMPARTS. This was the autobiographical account of the period of his blindness, and nothing could be more fascinating as a subject, and nothing could have been better than the chapter I read. But where, oh where, was the finished work, which Howard said vaguely, needed some revision — this was some years ago. (I even had a somewhat baroque interchange with his publishers, when Griffin said they had this manuscript, or another one, in their files, and they returned saying they had it not, and John Howard then, with Christian charity, saying perhaps they didn't, while muttering under his breath that they still had it.) And a while before *Scattered Shadows* I had also seen, in the now-defunct *New World Anthology,* another chapter from the novel called *The Street of the Seven Angels,* which was, to say the least, very handsome writing. But what, in turn, had happened to this novel altogether? And meanwhile there was still a third book, *Passacaglia,* about which I had even less information.

. . . muttering under his breath . . .

John Howard Griffin, then, was an original voice and a major talent in our fiction, and I had already planned to include him in the company of Henry Miller and Richard Wright for the fifth and final volume of my series of books on the modern American novel. But to do a major study of a major novelist you must have a major body of work. The truth was that during the past few years of John Howard Griffin's active involvement with the race problem today and the civil rights movement — which I think also now must link itself inextricably with the protest movement on the war in Vietnam — that during all of this, admiring Griffin's activity as I did, and perhaps even somewhat jealous of it, and disturbed by my own passivity and remoteness — that I had still wanted him primarily, and even had been urging him, to finish the three books which have been so long delayed in his literary career.

. . . in a rage of haste . . .

Any two out of these three would be bound to be good, I suspect, and even in Griffin's most journalistic work — which he sometimes throws out in a rage of haste and temper — there are passages which remind you of the journalism of a Zola, say, not to mention Balzac again. It is almost impossible for this writer to write badly; the problem is how to get him to write at all. And yet I resigned myself by thinking of those novels — like *Huckleberry Finn,* say, or the tale called *The Mysterious Stranger* — which Mark Twain laid away in his literary storage-racks until the impulse compelled him to take them out again, and to finish them. Very often the best books are written in this fashion; and meanwhile the great writers go out to waste and to gamble away all their talent and time until they are on the very edge of disaster — and writing remains as their single salvation.

This was no more true of Dostoevski than it was of Twain, Ring Lardner and Scott Fitzgerald and perhaps even Hemingway; all we can do in the end is to be grateful for what they did achieve. I do not mean this to be a kind of nostalgic epitaph to John Howard Griffin's literary career — on the contrary, it is written as a sort of foreword for the three books due from him which I have mentioned above. Just the other day came one of his marvellous letters, saying it was such a joy just to be working at the typewriter again, to be alone once more, to think and brood and muse and "moon about," as Theodore Dreiser said — and to create!

. . . this spiritual corruption . . .

For the writer who does not write, all his life is a slow form of poison; and every good writer knows this, and every writer who is afraid of this spiritual corruption must, finally, come back to his writing. John Howard Griffin has no other choice, really, and it is time for him to resume that solitary destiny of art which Melville once called the "Hostile Necessity."

In the same letter which I have described above, moreover, Griffin has started talking about his two future novels. (I believe that *Scattered Shadows* is almost ready for publication.) *Street of the Seven Angels,* he says, is based in Paris and deals with the problem of "goodness" — with the malicious doings of a group of religiously-oriented women out to clean up

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the St. Jacques quarter of Paris of all forms of filth. Hidden in there somewhere at the core is "the demonstration of the self-defeating hypothesis involved in the idea of the compulsory return of the Kingdom of God."

. . . the sanctimonious serpents . . .

The novel, though never stating the thesis as such, but merely personifying it in the characters and action, thus will deal with the mentality of censorship — "the book-banners, the guardians of public virtue, the 'sanctimonious serpents,' as Gerald Vann called them. Underlying this, counterpointing it, though the two themes never really touch (but in alternating scenes serve to contrast and point up), is another subsidiary plot and list of characters, an essentially somber one. This book is almost entirely written in scenes with very little introspection. It lays the foundation for *Passacaglia,* which comes right out with the idea that morality is an unamiable goal in itself, that it can calcify the soul of the man who aims at the perfection of 'routine Christian morality,' or 'routine Jewish morality,' etc. (This is developed in *Street* this far, carried on much more massively in *Passacaglia.)* I think that morality of this sort castrates man, prevents him from becoming fully functioning man, and that in fact it is an obscenity; and that in order to move above this routine morality, he must undo the damage, the concretization of soul that can neither grow nor dilate into those areas that in theology one calls sanctity, in psychology integration, in art genius.

The whole thesis of these two novels, so Griffin adds, was first conceived as part of a theological structure, and then translated into the form of an artist, a concert pianist, keeping the parallels exact. "*Street* has a large cast of characters and is a brief book in the classical form; *Passacaglia* has a small cast of characters and is a lengthy book in a massive, contrapuntal, continually developing form. Both are novels in which all the themes are hidden in the fabric and structure . . ."

I never talk about my works . . .

And, as Griffin adds, he has actually been working on *Passacaglia* for nine years, and is still absorbed in it — and furthermore "I never talk about my works." And there you are. For when you can get a writer to talk about his own writing, he is always fascinating to listen to, or to read. All that remains now is to get the books into print.

Books:

Putting the Cold War on Ice

Reviewed by Joseph S. Clark

AFTER 20 YEARS: ALTERNATIVES TO THE COLD WAR IN EUROPE *by Richard J. Barnet and Marcus G. Raskin. New York: Random House. 223 pp. $5.95.*

Richard J. Barnet and Marcus G. Raskin are two perceptive and intelligent young men who worked both in the White House and the Department of State before joining the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. Their views on American foreign policy, as expressed in this book, will be too rich for the blood of their former immediate superiors both on Pennsylvania Avenue and in Foggy Bottom. The Federal bureaucracy of which the White House staff is, of course, a part, is not noted for its receptivity to other than conventional thinking about past, present and future trends in foreign policy. There is a tendency in high places to sniff with mild distaste at the unorthodox.

And *After 20 Years: Alternatives to the Cold War in Europe* does not rely on the conventional wisdom. It suggests that our major objectives of the last twenty years — to build an Atlantic Community and to win the arms race with Russia — are both obsolete and dangerous. It urges an end to the "great confrontation between East and West over the future of Europe." It advocates "a more rational set of relations between the United States, the Soviet Union and Europe." It argues that such a détente "is a prerequisite for dealing with the far more difficult problem that already threatens to overwhelm us: coexistence between rich and poor nations on a planet of limited resources."

. . . coexistence between rich and poor . . .

A brilliant opening chapter, sure to cause pain and suffering to the molders of State Department policy since World War II, reviews the events which led "the Atlantic designers" to promote the "symbols of unity" among "a selected group of states in North America, West Europe and Asia Minor" without determining with whom and for what unity was desirable. "America promoted federalism in West Europe in the hope it could control the direction of European politics and determine for itself the extent of its own involvement in European affairs. But the consequence has been involvement without control." One need only recall the present status of relations with the Common Market, the growing dependence of the British economy on American support of the pound, the tohubohu over the American-promoted multilateral nuclear force with its adverse impact on the

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chances of arms control and disarmament agreements with the Russians and the failure to make even a beginning towards solving the German question, to conclude that the authors' major thesis is fundamentally sound.

The costs of the American effort have been staggering. The authors correctly assert, however, that the "economic costs of the Atlantic Community effort are insignificant compared to the political costs." The major successes, including the Marshall Plan, the defeat of the efforts of the Communist Parties to take over the governments in France and in Italy, the containment of the Russian thrust westward, were all achieved by 1957. Thereafter, success has been insignificant. The battle for men's minds with the Soviet Union has bored, confused and sometimes infuriated (rather than converted) uncommitted peoples. Technological achievement has tended to become an end in itself, while questions of morality are considered as irrelevant. All this has taken an enormous toll in both political and human terms.

. . . the battle for men's minds . . .

Perhaps, as the authors suggest, a "reordering of national priorities has begun" based on that "self-examination which true internationalism requires."

The increased focus on domestic affairs initiated by the Johnson Aadministration could, if properly developed, dramatize the similarities and the problems that the Russians and the rest of mankind face.

Actually what has happened is that "the two great nuclear powers have failed in their attempts at community building abroad. It is as anachronistic to speak of a monolithic Communist empire in the East as it is fanciful to talk of American hegemony in the West. Both the American and Soviet governments have been summoned home to face urgent problems . . . the political focus of the postwar world is profoundly altered."

. . . the two great nuclear powers have failed . . .

The population explosion at home and abroad, the similarity of poverty conditions in the American megapolis and Appalachia to the same problems in Bombay and Caracas, the philosophical identity between racial conflict in Johannesburg and Mississippi must be understood before we can help one another toward the development of a truly international society based on compassion and justice.

Accordingly, it is high time to rethink critically the objectives of American foreign policy in the light of drastically changed conditions in Europe, including the Soviet Union. The great confrontation should be ended. "The long range objectives of such a settlement are to create a political climate to end the war system . . ."

The authors proceed to discuss, in necessarily tentative and general terms, "three critical, closely connected questions: What is the future of Germany to be? How can the arms race in Europe be controlled? What is to be the political relationship of North America and the Soviet land mass to the continent of Europe?"

The analysis is penetrating and logical, but it contributes nothing essentially new to the answers to the questions posed. In the end the problem of American, European and Soviet leadership is how to dissolve mutual distrust and substitute a willingness to take calculated risks of deception by the other side in order to arrive at solutions to political, economic and military problems based on mutual self-interest and common sense.

The authors argue plausibly that the best road to satisfactory answers to the three questions they ask "is . . . an arrangement for European security guaranteed jointly by the United States and Soviet Union, and the nations of Europe themselves." This would permit substantial arms control.

In their final chapter, "The Quest for Community," Barnet and Raskin explore "approaches to the evolution of a universal open society." Again the discussion is incisive but contributes nothing new. Alexander Pope has said that the greatest enemy of man is man. Borrowing from this idea, the authors conclude this very useful and interesting book with the thought: "The obstacle to a rational world society is not the Soviet Union nor China nor the United States. It is man — his greed, his will to power and his destructive impulses. Yet, man's ingenuity, courage and rationality have devised institutions to restrain these impulses in order to build civilization . . . Perhaps a growing awareness that his problems are too vast for either a parochial community or a parochial ideology may help man to come to terms with his trembling existence."

. . . the greatest enemy of man is man . . .

One of the hazards confronting authors of a work such as this is that in a world of constant and, to some extent at least, unpredictable change, the course of human events refuses to stand still during the six months which usually elapse between submission of a manuscript and the date

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of publication. One may hazard the guess that Random House, the publishers, received the final draft of *After 20 Years* before the drastic deterioration of the American position in South Vietnam, coupled with the bombing of North Vietnam, to the fury of the Chinese and the discomfiture of the Russians; the breakdown of law, both domestic and international, in the Dominican Republic; the financial crises at the United Nations; and the failure to make even the slightest advance toward disarmament, a nonproliferation treaty or a comprehensive test ban agreement. All four of these developments have reduced the possibilities for a successful effort to end the Great Confrontation in Europe, and have heated up the Cold War.

e fury of the Chinese . . .

The authors agree that a global solution to the overriding questions of war and peace is essential; but they fail to discuss a major part of the problem. Indeed this reviewer would suggest that it is impossible to contrive a sensible solution to the problem of achieving "peace in our time" without a detailed analysis of the [illegible]entions and capabilities of the Chinese Communists. Moreover, that solution cannot be found without thinking through the problems of what to do about Sukarno, Nasser and Castro, the three little Hitlerite fellow travelers who, like their Balkan spiritual ancestors of 1914, pose a constant threat of provoking regional outbreaks of violence which could easily involve the great powers and spread into a nuclear, or indeed, a chemical, radiological and biological World War III which would, in all likelihood, destroy civilization.

. what to do Sukarno . . .

The editors of RAMPARTS have asked me to comment on the number of Senators on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and in the Senate generally who would tend to support the type of proposals outlined in this book. It is a commonplace that the Foreign Relations Committee is far from a monolithic institution. The views of its members cover the spectrum from those who advocate a détente with the Soviet Union and a relaxation of tensions generally, to those who fervently believe that we are engaged in a search for total victory in a war against godless communism. Its membership includes individual Senators who work hard at their jobs and some who rarely attend its sessions or participate meaningfully in the discussions which precede the preparation of its reports to the Senate.

a search for l victory . . .

Perhaps the most pragmatic way of answering the question lies in a reference to the vote on the proposed treaty with the Soviet Union authorizing the establishment of consulates on each other's territory by subsequent mutual agreement under carefully detailed legal provisions with respect to the conduct of individuals accredited to such proposed consulates. Five of the nineteen members of the Committee voted against advising and consenting to the treaty. They were Senators Hickenlooper, Mundt and Williams (Del.), Republicans, and Lausche and Dodd, Democrats. Each of them would probably find little to agree with in this book.

The other thirteen members who supported the proposed treaty would presumably be sympathetic, at least in part, to the proposals outlined in *After 20 Years*. Those who would endorse in whole or even in very large part the point of view enunciated in this work are no doubt still in a minority, though a constantly growing one. In my opinion, timidity — resulting from an understandable concern about what the public is ready to accept by way of a major re-interpretation of our foreign policy goals — rather than personal commitment to an obsolete ideology, is what restrains a good many Senators from a more complete acceptance of the Barnet-Raskin theses.

. . . an obsolete ideology . . .

The theory of the Holy War dies hard; but in the long run common sense and obvious national interest tend to prevail. *After 20 Years* makes a substantial contribution to directing our foreign policy in Europe along more constructive and realistic lines.

Joseph S. Clark is United States Senator from Pennsylvania and a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee

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REPORT FROM A CHINESE VILLAGE *by Jan Myrdal. New York: Pantheon. 374 pp. $6.95.*

BACCHUS UNBOUND

Reviewed by Albert Bendich

As a small boy buying bubblegum pictures, I remember the shock of coming upon one that showed bloody Ethiopians being blown apart by Mussolini's planes, their spears dropping harmlessly to the ground. Today, though pictures of similar horror appear with revolting regularity in the newspapers, the shock seems less jolting. Doubtless, a generation that grew up with Auschwitz and Belsen, the saturation bombing runs on Hamburg and Tokyo, and the atomic murder of the noncombatants of Hiroshima and Nagasaki has a colorable claim that its sense of outrage at

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injustice and cruelty has been somewhat dulled by misuse. Not that the mere number and enormity of these atrocities could alone account for the deadening of sensibility; for with equal logic it can be argued that such experiences might have led to an exacerbated sense of revulsion.

. . . God is on our side . . .

A more satisfying explanation for the loss of soul force, I think, lies rather in the direction of the great doses of righteousness — the God is on our side propaganda — which we absorbed together with the rest of the hellish experience. The result of these exposures was that we fell from the level of human experience, with God on our side, to the level of satanic delusion, where we fancied ourselves God. Thus we were brought to identify the people we fought not as men, like ourselves, but rather as abstractions, the very symbols of evil. To destroy these symbols was therefore not to kill men; but to confuse men with these symbols was to destroy our humanity, our capacity for feeling and judgment, to degrade us to the level of abstractions, and so to destroy our own humanity.

Thus the heart was hardened and the mind dulled. To a generation of hot war was added a generation of cold; to the national and racial hatreds which helped fuel our last world war was added the historical and ideological nonsense which, for example, permits Americans to believe that napalm-bombing and strafing of thatch-hut villages in South Vietnam is justified by the "freedom" and "democracy" which thereby will accrue to their inhabitants. From this highly distilled concoction of brutality, ignorance and righteousness we seem now to be drinking deeply. We are becoming drunk; and in this condition we may launch upon the most senseless and insensate atrocity the world has known. For, as has been increasingly clear, we are presently on a collision course in Vietnam that is pointing right at China, and that means right at World War III. "You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction," says a current rock and roll hit, "but there'll be no one to save with the world in its grave."

It is clear that humanity has no more urgent task than to get off this course. If it is not already too late — and such despair is simply morally inadmissible — we must seek for some antidote to the soul-poison which may bring night down

LEARN, BABY, LEARN!

This paraphrase of the Watts battle cry is a summons to all men of good will. Despite active involvement in the area, the Jewish community was caught as unprepared as any other for the outbreak. Why? Because there was a lack of information and sense of urgency.

The truth is that we have no publication that is involved on a daily basis, enlightening and alerting the community. The Yiddish press does not reach most of our people. The Anglo-Jewish weeklies and monthlies do not appear often enough, but events no longer will wait a week or a month for an authentic Jewish report or reaction.

For the New Year 5726 we propose to remedy this serious flaw by publishing a daily Jewish newspaper in English. Besides civil rights, we have other burning issues to digest and debate: our relation to Israel, to Germany, to the Ecumenical movement; the fate of Russian Jewry, the future form of our religion and communal institutions.

This is a special introductory offer. For $5, you and three friends may subscribe for one month to America's only modern daily for the Jewish home. If you don't have three friends, you still can receive the paper for $2 per month. Jewish tradition teaches: "If we are not for ourselves, who will be for us? If we are only for ourselves, what are we? If not now, when?"

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on all. One of the things that can help us avoid that catastrophe is some plain talk that not only isn't propaganda but that cuts through that cynical muck. This may restore some self-respect to the people by allowing them to recapture the sense of sense, the feeling of proportion, and thereby to return to the human arena where individuals possess responsibility.

That is the sort of talk Jan Myrdal's book, *Report from a Chinese Village,* offers to Americans, and that is why I cannot imagine a more useful or necessary book for Americans to read.

. . the usual son-fogs, the humbug and cant . . .

Myrdal, the son of the famed Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal, the author of *An American Dilemma,* has written a book that clearly isn't propaganda. He has cut through all of the usual poison-fogs, the humbug and cant about freedom and democracy and communism that, like TV commercials, seem to do their jobs of dulling the brain and scoring their points while not being quite believable to anyone and annoying to most. Myrdal has simply left off using any of the techniques of abstraction and generalization that serve propagandists so well because they allow the "expert" who knows the "facts" to preempt the right of the rest of us to judge for ourselves. Instead, Myrdal gives it to us straight, factually, without mirrors, on a human scale.

The book simply introduces us to individuals who make up the Chinese village of Liu Ling, in Shensi province, where Myrdal lived for awhile as he got to know the people and recorded their stories. We get to know these people — so remote from us culturally and geographically — as human beings, individual human beings like the members of our families. Meeting these people, who live in rock caves, we come to know some who, in the days before the revolution, had no shelter at all; others who were relatively well to do; still others who lived in the very same caves. And we learn what it was like for this particular man, as he understands it, to have lived through the time when Chiang ruled China and Mao lived in a cave in Yenan.

. . lived in a cave . . .

What really counts in this book is that as you get to know the lives of the villagers, you come to see, as though you had lived with them yourself, what it might have meant for you to experience the history of their time and their revolution; concretely, what it might have meant for you to have had to choose at the crucial moments whether to become a guerrilla, a Communist, a fighter against the Japanese, a collaborationist, a soldier of Chiang. And, similarly, how the choices that were available after the revolution appeared to those who had to make them. I say "choices" advisedly, well aware of the dominant impression in America that what the people of China did was a function of coercion and not of choice.

. . . Americans who claim to be free . . .

In this regard, I think it is important to note a curious paradox which finds so many Americans who claim to be "free" chronically complaining that they are powerless and characteristically viewing the other people of the world as subject to either coercion or manipulation. On the other hand, Epictetus, the Existentialists, and the Chinese Communists, to take just three cases, seem to have a far higher degree of respect for the freedom of the individual to choose significantly and to have some meaningful say as to the shape and character of his life. In any event, one of the startling revelations in this book is the degree of genuine freedom enjoyed by these people. In almost every instance, the choices made by an individual appear to have grown out of his own experience as to what would best serve his and his loved ones' needs.

. . . a brutal job of coercion . . .

To take just one example, that of the changeover to the "commune system" of agriculture — a changeover which was widely heralded here as a brutal job of coercion by the state — here is how the transition appeared to have come about to those who accomplished it. At first, the people farmed private plots. Then, a labor exchange system was organized, but it apparently did not work very efficiently since "one never knew if people would turn up or not." In 1953 most of the farmers in the village organized themselves into a labor group for mutual help: "We decided at the start that we were going to turn up at definite times and do the work properly." In the exchange the best workers helped each other; in the mutual help arrangement, new problems arose. Good workers were afraid of getting the short end of the bargain since poor workers would benefit disproportionately; a point system was worked out to compensate for this. "Those who work properly shall have many points, those who work badly shall have few." The end of 1953 saw discussions start about turning the labor group into a cooperative. "In general, one can say that those whose land was not good were for the idea; and that those who had good land down in the valley and a lot of manpower were against it."

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The attitude which descends upon the reader of this book is that the proper approach to these Chinese farmers is one of admiration and respect for the decent and hard working lives they have wrested from a brutal history. The leader of the labor brigade summed up the experience of the village by saying: "Illness, death and accident are no longer catastrophes. Citizens now have security."

To have such an attitude is to measure the humanity of these farmers by our own. To do so is to regain a measure of our own humanity. To contemplate their subjection to the treatment meted out to South Vietnamese peasants is to contemplate madness and self destruction. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. Let us, rather, speak sense to each other. This book is the best beginning I know.

Albert Bendich is a specialist in constitutional law and a member of the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley.

Miscellany:

Radicalism of the Heart

by Jerrold Greenberg

"He who talks least is getting the most done" is an aphorism that applies to the political content of novels at least as well as it does to sex. The greatest enthusiasm for or sophistication about economics, sociology, or ideology has never been able to replace an honest concern with making a story move as it describes the circumstances of its particular world. Neither has the most intensive analysis and knowledge of psychology yet superseded the necessity of having an instinctive feel for character or given a writer the means for creating a believable character. This is not to say that the novelist should be an uneducated slob. But it seems that the most erudite and/or "committed" writers are the very ones whose books most frequently fall flat on their faces.

To link the disparate (if not divergent) qualities of intellectualism and political commitment within the terms of fiction writing would be a mistake but for two things. The first is simply that an overemphasis on either on the part of our "serious" contemporary authors has turned many a good story into a didactic exercise that loses all chance of reaching the reader where he lives/hurts/feels. The reviews of Christopher Lasch's *The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963: The Intellectual as Social Type* have self-congratulatedly pointed out the second reason, that the focus of radical politics in America is now, of all places, the university, and a good number of the writers make their steady living as university professors. The very existence of a radical movement with a middle-class mainspring is an irony that could be expounded on at length. In the connection at hand the question is — what is oppressing these college professors?

. . . a middle-class mainspring . . .

What will they do if deep changes *are* made in the social structure, and these changes result in a different conception of the university? Different, that is, from the multi-billion dollar big business that pays all these people's salaries. Can we expect anything but that the technique of standing on the deck and leaning back and forth, while the boat itself remains on an even keel, will be brought to a new perfection?

Poetry presaged, as it usually does, the shift in literary fashion to the academic gown — or, you don't need a weatherman to tell which way the wind blows if you had the stomach to read the Hudson Review ten years ago. The poets have since been subjected to another New Look, all the schoolteachers are busy praising R. Creeley, disclaiming their Guggenheims, and saying how academic poetry is a contradiction in terms, but such a wind of change has not yet fanned their novelistic confreres. That best seller of the past year, *Herzog,* was written by a professor of English about the trials and sorrows of a professor of English. The general and specialist journals both were filled with yet other professors of English telling us how universal was the experience portrayed.

. . . if you had the stomach . . .

Academic poetry hurried its own demise by limiting the experience it would convey and the forms in which it would convey them, spurring the appearance of alternate vessels to contain the remaining (which is to say most of the) juices of life and literature. The novels of the Bellows, Malamuds, Roths, Updikes, and Stegners are likewise soon to be superseded, by vipers they have fed and hovered over like Jewish mothers. Ken Kesey is only one of several talented iconoclasts the Stegner Fund at Stanford University has given sustenance to, and although any number of young authors felt they were better off without benefit of creative writing courses, such names as Evan Connell and George Cuomo are no strangers to tables of contents in volumes of campus writing.

. . . hovered over like Jewish mothers . . .

The abundance of Jewish writers in any survey of currently acceptable novelists — a survey extending forward from the ineffable J. D. Salinger — can be seen as the second generation's drive toward respect-

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ability and, radical tradition or no, it will be a cold day in Puerto Vallarta before a college professor is called unrespectable. The courtesy and deference with which he is treated, the easy acceptance by respected colleagues, not only inflame the writer's ego, but particularly if at age twenty-seven or thirty he had held no jobs or made no money outside academic purlieus, act like an invisible shield to prevent the world from getting at him. The Jews, basically a timid people but one quick to learn the passwords and to argue if the password alone proves insufficient, have sized up the situation and to use one of Bellow's own titles, seized the day. In fairness to the literary underground it would hardly please Eichmann either. Given an approach of eyes open/ scream of horror/ shout of laughter/ murmur of compassion/ sardonic/ ironic style, Joseph Heller is probably the most Jewish of Jewish writers going, albeit Lionel Trilling is not making a tzimmes over him.

would hardly Eichmann . . .

Unfortunately (but not unexpectedly) many Negro writers, also not slow to learn what is expected of them, seem to be traveling down not the long, lonesome road, but the primrose path to respectability. Considering the situation they are abandoning, this is hardly surprising. By following the classic pattern of the Negro professional, who leaves Soulville never to return, the black novelist puts himself in the position of every other Western, traditionless, alienated, bastard artist. As expressed in W.P. (white people's) terms by the college-boy Lee Stamper in Kesey's *Sometimes a Great Notion* (the title is taken from a song by Huddie Ledbetter) in a quote from a letter Lee writes to a Negro friend, and then tears up — "What is there about our generation, man, that makes us sweat this root scene so much? Look at us . . . relentlessly tracking our lost rootbeds . . . yet all the while guarding against that most ignoble of ends, becoming root bound." This after returning to the scene of an unhappy boyhood looking to prove that he has at last become a man.

. . . a song by Huddie Ledbetter . . .

The black novelist is indeed in a personal and artistic bind. If he "tells it like it is" he will be condescended to by the (white) critics as merely another protest writer (and by the black bourgeois press as unflattering, and "in the face of our gains" anachronistic). If he tries to inject any hope or show a successful escape from the ghetto or the possibilities of interracial trust he will be put down as an Uncle Tom or a white man's black man.

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The most respected and "authentic" Negro novelist is not a James Baldwin bent on explaining and justifying his people to Mr. Charlie and Miss Anne, but Ralph Ellison who despite his apparent success in the ofay world, began and ended his much-discussed but too infrequently read *Invisible Man* with the protagonist cast as a ghost, self-imprisoned underground, silent and observing; a ghost who has paid all his dues only to contract out on making any changes, not from despair at not being able to, but from lack of desire. Sounds more than a little like the SNCC/black nationalist position — who the hell wants to integrate into white society anyway, everyone there is mad.

. . . who the hell wants to integrate . . .

Ellison, by the way, is a jazz (you should pardon the expression) critic with an unmatched understanding and reverence for the music's past and present; his essays on Bessie Smith and Charlie Parker are exemplary and novelistic. Small wonder that in the Harlem sections of his novel one hears the "cry" that is the common denominator of Negro expression — art creating its own freedom, like art in any other situation, but created by a man intensely aware that the freedom ends the moment he steps off the stand. In such a cross the ways out are to kill yourself, quickly or slowly, to strangle the voice out of your mouth, or to adopt a disguise so impenetrable that neither the artist nor the audience can fix the actions to the man. The history of jazz is not dotted but streaked with examples of all these modes (and the closer a white musician comes to feeling and playing the "truth" the more he realizes its universality, a realization all the forces of education, communication, and social acceptance of the white world conspire to deny). Intellectuals are wont to term this "instinctive existentialism" — categorize anything and it can be dealt with by the head — but it is the stage before the intellectualization, the surfacing of the consciousness that life is absurd. Ellison after all has been loathe to have his second novel published, and has been hoarding it in his underground cell at a small "progressive" college.

. . . in his underground cell . . .

A young man once came to W. H. Auden and announced that he wanted to write poetry and would be honored to study with such a master. Auden asked him why he harbored so exacting an ambition. "I have many things to say, and now I must learn to express them effectively," the would-be disciple told him and was summarily dismissed. When pressed for an explanation the poet replied, "If you had told me that as a child you liked to listen to words, to their sounds, and what happened when they were thrown together, I might have thought you had a chance to become a poet. But one cannot proceed very deeply into poetry on the strength of having 'something to say.' "

If the aspiring novelist has not been fascinated all his life by the magic of stories, by people and situations, he is not going to proceed too deeply either. Style, to which critical opinion nowadays would award supreme importance, can be learned or acquired, at least an adequate style can be; story sense cannot. In this connection I believe that among the myriad deaths of writers in the last decade the most grievous losses to "American Literature" were not Hemingway and Faulkner (each of whom was primarily a stylist and neither of whom lacked for followers) but rather Raymond Chandler, a mystery writer, and A. J. Liebling, a journalist. Chandler and Liebling were no slouches when it came to style, in writing or in living, but their salient characteristic was exposing aspects of life conventionally considered the outrageous and absurd as the normal mode of existence for most of the human race. Not only do Chandler's characters and Liebling's bookies, boxers, touts, and politicians have to eat, sleep, have sex, and go to the bathroom (all in the course of an average day and not as four star features as they occur in books by authors trying self-consciously to be earthy), they always act like real people confronting real problems in a totally credible way, without agonized rationalization, breast-beating, or flippancy. As Chandler said about murder, in remarks that apply equally to other kinds of problems in any kind of "problem" novel, ". . . people commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse."

Richard Condon is one of the very few novelists to have caught that pitch, down the alley though it comes. For this very reason his books seem peopled with grotesques, and since Southern Gothic is the only currently popular brand of that architecture, unacceptable. He is the kind of author who inspires devotion, and once genuinely turned on to his novels, usually by the most well-known, *The Manchurian Candidate*, the reader is likely to hunt up the rest, which include a melodrama about forged paintings, *The Oldest Confession*, that is perhaps less erudite but much hipper and more in focus than William Gaddis' *The Recognitions*, which is

. . . The Manchurian Candidate . . .

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a masterpiece, I am told, by those who were able to finish it; *Some Angry Angel,* which is a variation on themes from West's *Miss Lonelyhearts;* a satire on the myth of the Old West, *A Talent for Loving,* the funniest of a lot in which none is without its quota of black — and blue — humor; and a study of Nazism, *An Infinity of Mirrors,* which has been almost universally maligned by America's self-professed experts on Germany — frequently the same ones that accused the perfectly hamishe Miss Arendt of anti-Semitic leanings.

. . America's elf-professed experts on Germany . . .

Condon's technique is perfectly straightforward, even if his novels turn out a little off the wall. He starts with a couple of unveiled assumptions about his characters, which in turn derive from the nature of the setting they occupy or have occupied. The tale develops as the logical consequence of the juncture of time, place, and person. (Condon was brought up in the Catholic rhetorical tradition.) The story is perfectly self-contained, and though one may reflect that it is not really happening in this world, what story is? The weakness of the realistic novel is that the world cannot be reproduced in words, which have a logic all their own, as do characters, time, and any other element of the form. What such transrealistic writers as Condon do is to affirm the unique nature of the story and fashion a world that is tangent to ours — the relevance of the story appears at the point of tangency, the rest of the circle is a vehicle. Of course if the wheel turns, and it does turn, if the characters are "round" and the story moves, then the number of points of tangency are increased to infinity. These stories are not allegories, which are parallels in which the contact is made by the applied knowledge of the reader and not by the internal logic of the action.

An example: If a young man's mother is his authority figure, if she has incestuous desires towards him and would like to prevent him from forming attachments to other women, and if the Communists have invented a method of controlling a person's mind which, however, requires an agent to give instructions, what is more logical than that the young man should be the one controlled, that his mother should be the agent, that she should order the murder of his fiancée, and that her reward comes when she orders him to sleep with her with the full knowledge of her superiors. This is, in fact, part of the plot of *The Manchurian Candidate,* wherein one of the points is that it's nice to have Communists around to blame for our forbidden desires.

she should the murder fiancée . . .

Of like persuasion is Thomas Pynchon whose novel of an obsessional search for the title character roams across four continents and sixty years in no particular geographical or chronological order. V. is a woman who may or may not exist, who may have been a secret agent, a (four-legged) sewer rat, or the ruler of a mythical kingdom (since V. is deathless her resemblance to H. Rider Haggard's She is rather noticeable, but this is undoubtedly a pop novel in any event). Almost as in comic books and nineteenth century melodrama the characters are assigned revelatory cognomens, i.e. Benny Profane with sex-on-his-brain; the arms manufacturer out of children's toys, Bloody Chiclitz; two beatniks named Fu and Charisma; Bongo-Shaftesbury, the Egyptologist; and the diary-keeping Herbert Stencil.

. . . beatniks named Fu and Charisma . . .

In concept the book is by Joyce out of The Book of the Dead, and the wheels within wheels would supply Detroit for a decade. Reading it is likely to produce a growing suspicion that things really are that way. Like a Pop painting, the novel simply *is;* any conclusions drawn from the fact that objects and institutions from everyday life are reproduced or stenciled exactly leave the reader with the feeling that he must be the one who is drawing the dirty pictures. Like Condon, Pynchon is invariably funny — and the not so sad fact is that there is more truth in humor than in solemnity.

There may be more truth in tragedy than in either, but the history of American attempts at tragedy leads only to the hope that there will be more comedy. It is interesting that the intellectual community, after first laughing its head off, then tries to dismiss the humor of *Dr. Strangelove* or *Candy* as immature or inane. I like to believe that Terry Southern will have the last laugh.

Jerrold Greenberg is a poet and critic of the literary underground currently living in New York.

CORRECTION: In the review of the autobiography *I Write for Freedom* (RAMPARTS September 1965) the publisher was incorrectly identified. This excellent book was published by McNally and Loftin; Charlotte/Santa Barbara.

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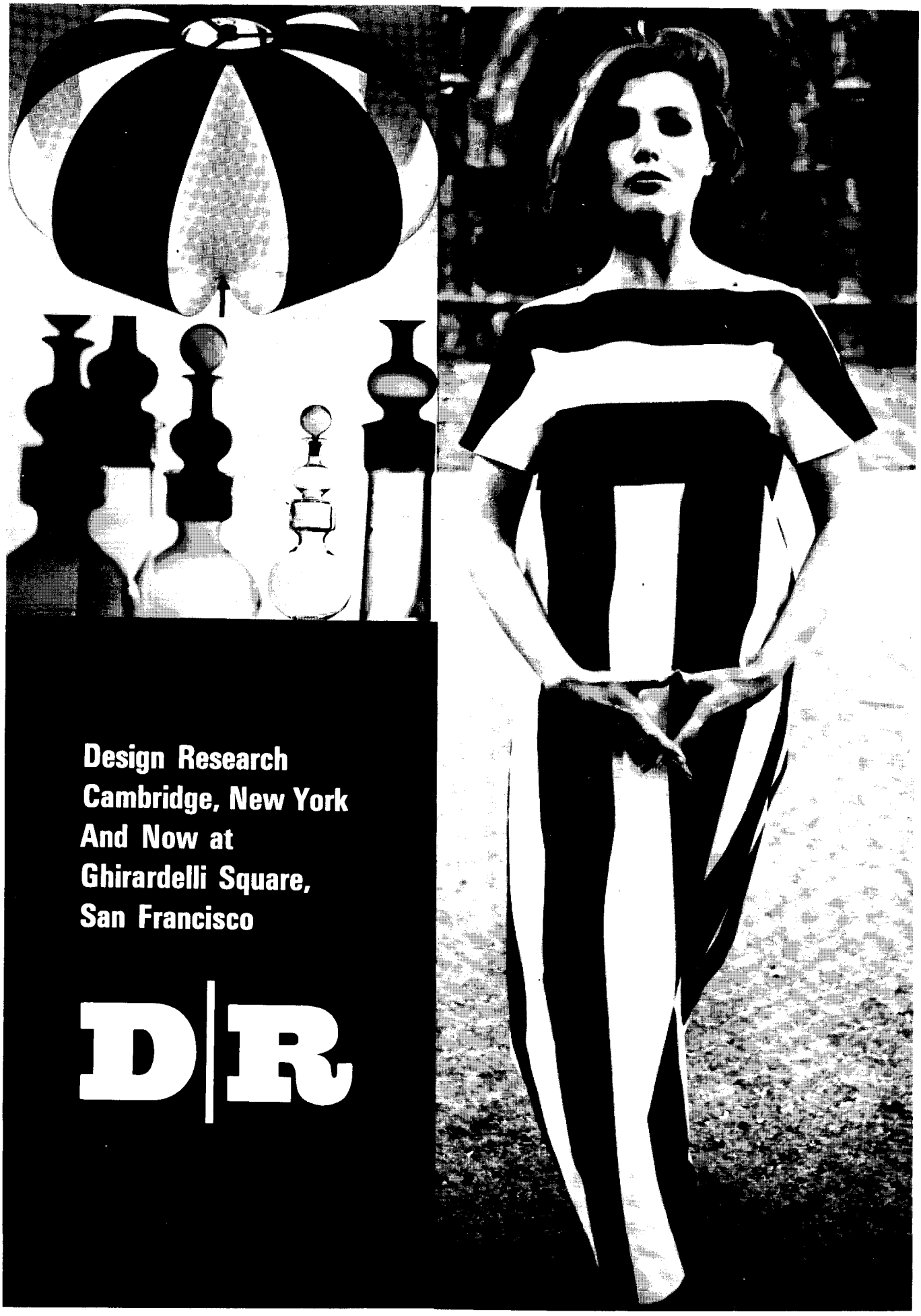

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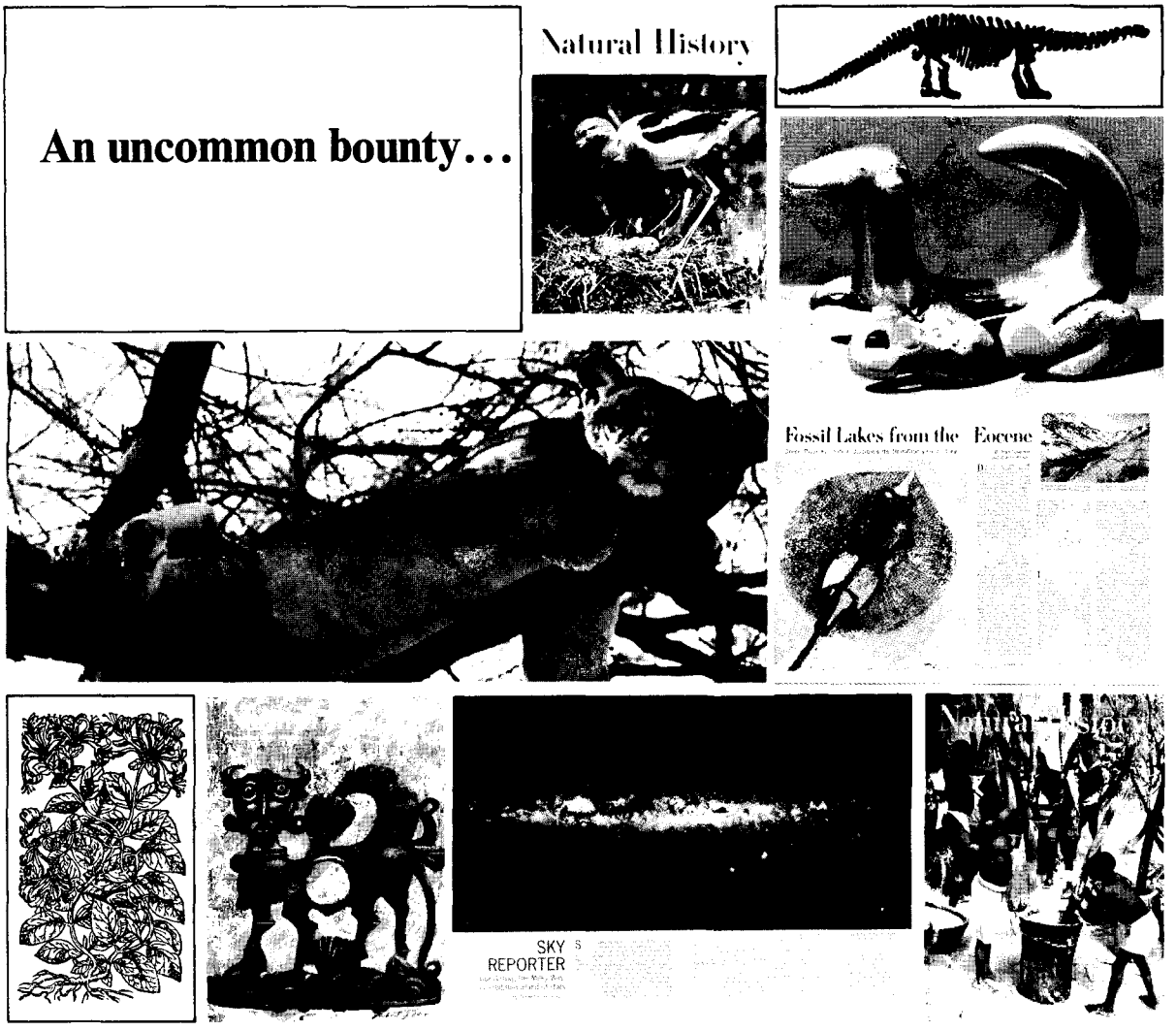

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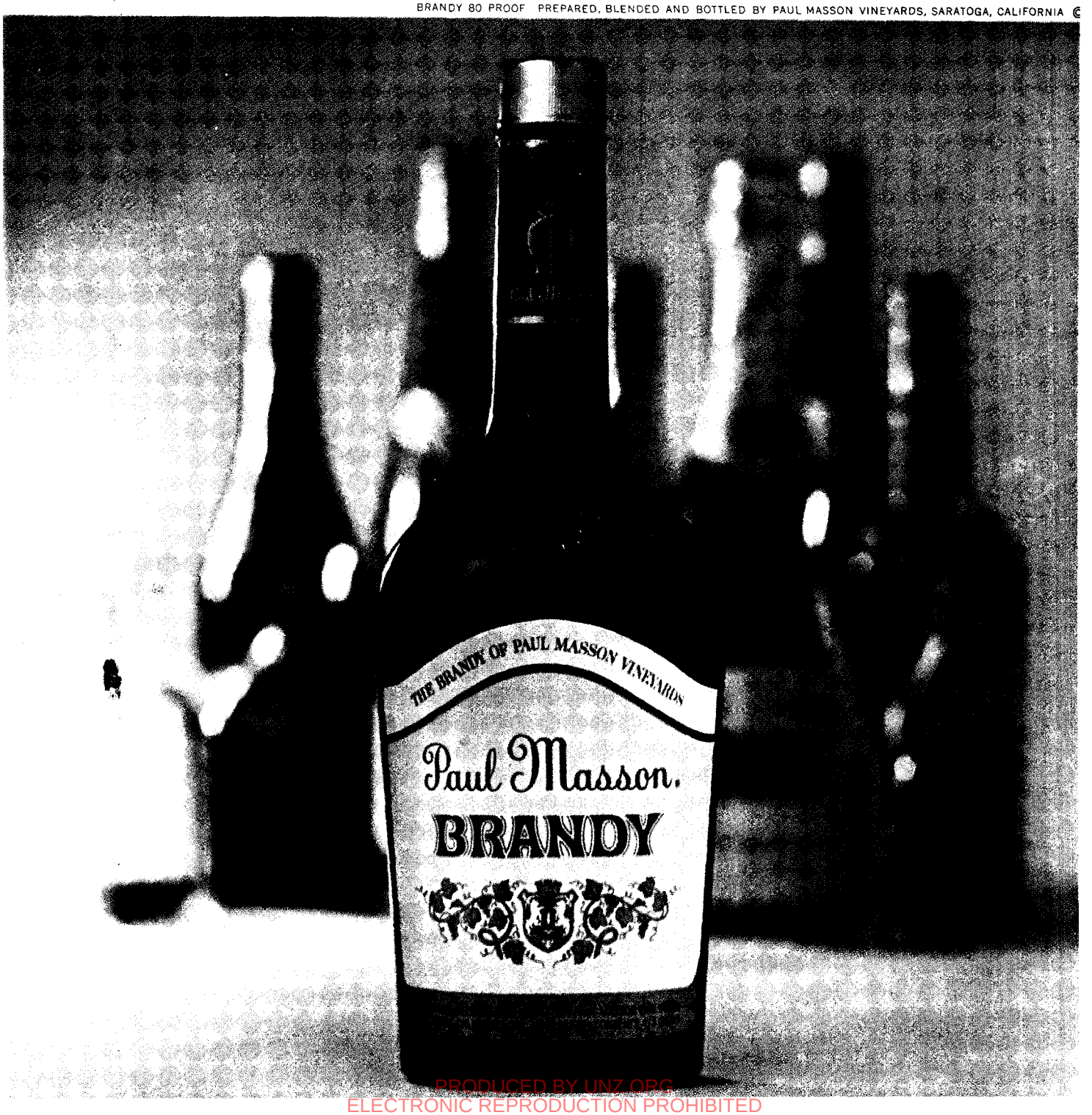

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